Dayton Phelps.

From his loving

Mother.

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MEMOIR

OF THE

REV. JAMES H. LINSLEY, A. M.

"His rest shall be glorious."

HARTFORD:
ROBINS AND SMITH,
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PREFACE.

In preparing a Memoir of Rev. James H. Linsley, it was at first thought best to incorporate the scientific researches of the deceased with this work; but on reflection it was concluded, as the results of these labors are already before the public in various forms, it was better to confine the Memoir chiefly to the religious exercises and character of our friend.

The writer of this Memoir has performed a labor of love which it is believed will issue in the good of souls, and the glory of God. Should this unpretending volume provoke the frown of the critic, and the opposition of the enemies of the cross, still it is hoped, it may be blessed to the edification of the tempted and doubting Christian, and prove a note of alarm to the impenitent. It will also add another to the numerous monuments already erected to the praise of the Redeemer's grace, while it will serve to embalm the memory of one, who, like the excellent *Samuel Pierce*, ardently desired to effect much more in the extension of the Saviour's kingdom than he was allowed to accomplish.

That men of such burning zeal, and talents and adaptation for extensive usefulness in the Christian ministry, should be enfeebled by disease and cut down in the midst of their days, is to us, short-sighted mortals, a mysterious part of the divine economy; but dark, afflictive, and mysterious as such dispensations are, still, our faith assures us that "what we know not now, we shall know hereafter." The time hastens, when God will so clearly make known to his *believing* people the mystery of his providence, that

they will be constrained with adoring gratitude to exclaim "He hath done all things well."

In this Memoir we commune with a heart all transparent, and contemplate the intense struggle of "the flesh against the spirit and the spirit against the flesh, like the company of two armies," and witness the ultimate triumph of the heaven-born principle of grace. No one can carefully peruse the deep and thorough Christian experience of Mr. Linsley, without solemn searchings of heart; and those who enjoyed his acquaintance while living, will derive great satisfaction from the possession of this memento of a deeply lamented friend.

In connection with what is so modestly said in the Memoir, commendatory of our departed friend, the writer of this preface may be allowed to remark, that in addition to the abounding of his liberality and self-sacrifice, while living, he has left by his last will abundant testimonials of the deep interest he felt in the cause of Missions.

In the death of our friend and brother, the family of which he was the affectionate and honored head,—the church in which he was a burning and shining light—and the cause of science, of which he was one of the brightest ornaments, have sustained a heavy loss. The work is commended to the Christian public; to the conductors of Sabbath schools, and above all, to the blessing of Almighty God.

G. R.

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MEMOIR.

James Harvey Linsley, was born in Northford, Ct. May 5th, 1787, the eldest of ten children. His parents were members of the Baptist church in North Haven. Throughout his childhood, he was characterized by that indomitable energy, active industry and perseverance, which were ever after such prominent and striking features of his mind, and were, under Providence, the secret of that remarkable success which attended him, and whereby he was enabled to accomplish so much in whatever he heartily undertook. Thus, while yet a child, laboring with his father on the farm, we hear of the great assistance he rendered, and again at the Village school, of his being regarded as the first scholar.

Some view of his filial conduct may be gathered from the fact, that when years after, he was head over a family of his own, on receiving a visit from his Father, the latter remarked to this effect, "I have no recollection Harvey, that from your birth to the present hour, you ever uttered to me a single disrespectful or undutiful word." It is feared but few parents could pass such an eulogy on the conduct of a son, who had attained to middle age.

No deep religious impression appears to have been made upon his mind during early childhood, though he says years after, "a pious mother often

exhorted me to repentance, and as frequently declared the absolute necessity of a change of heart in order to be happy hereafter." But although she witnessed no immediate fruit, richly was she afterwards rewarded, and doubtless not one faithful exhortation, or one sincere prayer, ever fell to the ground. But while she, in common with other pious parents, was thus perhaps sowing in tears, every sincere effort was laid up before the throne, destined to bring in its abundant harvest. The first interest manifested by him, in his salvation, of which we have any account, was at the age of fourteen. Of his exercises at this time he says, "at the age of fourteen, I was awakened by a remarkable dream, respecting the day of judgment,—believed myself with millions of others arraigned for trial,—a deep impression was made upon my mind, which lasted for some months, but eventually terminated without any radical change." He remained thus assisting his father, or teaching school in some of the neighboring towns, for which latter employment he appeared to possess a peculiar tact, until the time was drawing near when this amiable and talented but yet unregenerated youth, was to feel what it was to be unreconciled to God. The steps by which he was brought to see Him by faith, whom afterwards he regarded from his inmost heart, as "the chiefest among ten thousand, and one altogether lovely," were so remarkable, that led by the hope of benefiting "some poor despairing sinner," (as he says in his journal;) he sent an account of his exercises to the editor of the Christian Secretary for publication in that paper, where it appeared in 1830. He assumed the

signature of *Veritas*, which was not his ordinary one, requesting that the author should be revealed to none. This most thrilling and graphic narration, we subjoin. After mentioning the loss of his convictions at fourteen, he proceeds. "In the course of a few years, I became hardened enough to make use of profane language, when in company, but when alone, frequently shuddered at the idea, and prayed with tears to be forgiven, In Oct., 1809, then twenty-two years of age, I went on business at the South, with an uncle of mine, and in the course of the winter became more profane than ever, but under no circumstances dared make use of the name of *Jesus*—something in that name of the *sanctum sanctorum*, impressed me with the idea that when I should become so depraved as to use it profanely, it would be time for me to repent immediately, and become a Christian—always felt bound to defend all the prominent doctrines of the gospel, except that my sentiments were *Arminian* respecting free will. A few days however before my awakening, I was left profanely to make use of the name of Jesus, and the idea above suggested, was forcibly impressed on my mind, *now I must repent; but am I ready?* The answer was, *never less so in my life!* This circumstance is mentioned to show how futile the idea of procrastination, even though a specified time for repentance is appointed.

On the 11th of Feb., 1810, while at tea, I fainted and fell to the floor—had been unwell two or three days with severe pains in the head and breast; a physician was immediately sent for, who said I was violently attacked with pleurisy, and in the course of a few hours, took two quarts of

blood from my arm; this remedy, with powerful sudorifics, afforded some relief, but God in his mercy sent an arrow of conviction to my heart, and it was fastened by the Master of assemblies, like a nail in a sure place. I was now in a land of strangers, (Charlestown, Virginia,) entertained little or no prospect of recovery; looked forward to eternity without a shadow of hope; my sins stared me in the face; eternal banishment from the presence of God was to be my doom, and that soon. I entreated my uncle to request some clergyman to pray with me, but he was an avowed Universalist, and ashamed to comply, I requested a bible, but he presumed none could be found in the house. I broke into tears of sorrow, as one soon to perish, and no relief from God, angels or men, could I obtain. My distress of mind was so extreme, as to keep me constantly in a profuse perspiration, and this circumstance operated favorably to my complaint. My physician was apprehensive of delirium, (not knowing the cause of my anguish) and proposed my traveling notwithstanding my illness. With considerable exertion I rode twelve miles, crossed Harper's Ferry, which Mr. Jefferson in his "Notes on Virginia," pronounces to be worth a voyage across the Atlantic to see. The scenery, however interesting to a man in health, had no effect on my own mind except that at the sight of a river, the thought struck me that I had committed the unpardonable sin at 14 years of age, and therefore I had better by all means drown myself from the boat in crossing, because I *must* go to hell at all events, and every day I delayed, my sins, and of course my eternal punishment, would be increased.

I mentioned this suggestion to my friend with me ; with bursting tears which he could not restrain, he endeavoured to convince me of the goodness of my moral character ; how unlike the young men of our acquaintance, and they were not at all alarmed, &c. &c. But added he, I will protect you from destroying yourself : accordingly held me, across the river. As soon, however, as I divulged the temptation to him, it ceased to operate in my mind. But the moment we left the river, I felt as if surrounded with evil spirits; the suggestions were, that I had acted very foolishly in not destroying myself when so good an opportunity offered. I should now be left to waste not only what little property I possessed, but also that of my parents; should bring down their gray hairs with sorrow to the grave, and finally take my own life in a manner a thousand times more aggravated than that of drowning; and no pity would I ever receive from God or man, in time or eternity.

At the tavern where we put up for the night, I heard some profane language; it shocked me very much, and the person appeared odious from that circumstance. I retired to my chamber, and had an opportunity, which I improved, for prayer. My sins appeared to be set in order before me. From the first moment of my recollection, even from my cradle down to this moment, not a thought had I entertained, not a word had I uttered, not a breath had I inhaled, but sin had been connected with it. Every thing respecting me had been evil, only evil, and that continually ; but my astonishment was great, that I had never discovered these facts before. God's mercy was

magnified in my preservation thus long, and I entertained not the most remote idea, that his mercy could extend any further. Of the plan of salvation, though told me perhaps many times, I had no idea. Hell appeared to lie open before me, into which I must inevitably be plunged in a few minutes. I will not say that I actually saw any thing with my bodily eyes; the chamber was dark, but this paper before me is not more distinctly seen, than what I viewed to be hell, at that time. It appeared to be a river of liquid fire, constantly running down, and would do so eternally; and the *capacity* for suffering, as well as the punishment itself, would continually increase, as the souls passed down the stream. I can, to this hour, almost fancy that I have the sounds on my ear, that I then heard, and so distinctly described by the Saviour, "*weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth.*"

In addition to this, two devils, in the form of tigers exactly, lay before me, waiting God's permission to take me to my eternal abode. At this awful moment, (the recollection of which almost makes me tremble,) appeared above me Jesus, (as represented in Revelation i. 13.) But to describe that loveliness, that glory, that effulgent brightness, that blessedness that shone in his face and around him, all language fails—nothing but Omnipotence can describe him! The effect in my mind can never be effaced while reason lasts. Had I possessed ten thousand worlds, I would have given them in a moment, to have fled from his presence. I entertain no doubt but that my impressions were such as the wicked at the judgment will feel, when they call upon the rocks and

mountains to fall on them, and hide them from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb. I think I should have gladly plunged into hell, could I have been hid from his view, but even this place was naked, and still open before him. My agony was such as none can conceive but those who suffer the same scenes in reality. I know not that my senses were ever brighter, or my conceptions more vivid than at this moment. Christ said to me in a tone of infinite kindness, (and no language or voice was ever more distinct to my mind, still standing in full view above me,) "Now if you will come to me and cast yourself entirely on the mercy of God, you shall be happy forever in heaven." I answered, how can it be possible that thou canst have mercy on a sinner so vile? It was incomprehensible, and amazed me, that a being so infinitely holy, of such spotless purity, could look upon me with any compassion! He answered, "there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance." These just persons that need no repentance, (an idea never suggested to my mind before,) were represented as *angels*, and ninety-nine of them were exhibited to my mind distinctly and perfectly, all employed in messages and errands from heaven, all cheerful and perfectly happy, free from sin, and therefore need no repentance.

Now, said Christ, you see these; if you will only give up your *will*, only submit to me, there shall be more joy in heaven over you, than over all these angels. I replied, I am so great a sinner, I cannot come—shook my head as saying

no! This blessed being immediately withdrew, and all was darkness and horror! Oh! said I, that I had accepted salvation when it was offered, but now it is too late! While writhing in agony at my folly, the same blessed being came again as before, and seemed to draw me towards him "with the cords of his love," and said, come, will you come? I replied again, I am so great a sinner I cannot come. He added, the greater sinner you are, if you repent, the more joy there shall be in heaven over you. There seemed to be a very powerful and almost irresistible drawing upon my heart towards him. The rays which are frequently seen in the west in the afternoon, caused by the sun shining through clouds, vulgarly called the sun drawing water, afford the best idea that I can conceive of the rays, like cords of love from him, and fastening to my heart. Nothing was wanting but my *will*, that he should have me at his disposal, and I found that unless I resisted, that is, actually *refused* to go, these cords would draw me to him. He enquired again, come, will you come? I shook my head again and said, I cannot come! He was instantly gone again. All was darkness, gloom, and horror! Oh! said I again, why did I not accept, fool that I was! now nothing awaits me but eternal death, and the pains of hell! This appearance of hell, I think, was not removed during two or three hours; say from nine till eleven or twelve o'clock.

No intimation, however, was made before this, that I might not have another offer, though I had no expectation of it. He had informed me that the longer I delayed the more difficult it would be

to repent. I was reproaching myself as before, that I had not accepted the offer of salvation, and the same glorious image was again presented, with the same drawing, and same entreaty and interrogation, *come*, will you come? This is the last time! the last offer! come, submit, or you are lost forever. Why I had refused thus long I could not tell, but the contrast between the glorious being who offered mercy and salvation, and my own sinful guilty soul was so ineffably great, that I felt it too much to accept. This was what I conceived to be the only reason for refusal, but the truth undoubtedly was, an unwillingness to bow and submit unconditionally. On this last offer I delayed, and hesitated deciding, until I found he was actually withdrawing again, and I sprung with all my might for the floor to prostrate myself, and do something myself; probably merit something, that it might not be all of grace. Not submitting, nor actually refusing to do so; but my distress was now insupportable; I gave three or four shrieks as loud as possible, and then cried out, Merciful God, have mercy upon me! Merciful God, have mercy upon me! My friend with me held me from the floor, and says he should imagine I screamed and repeated these words about fifteen minutes. I ceased, probably because exhausted; I am not aware that I found any other relief. At this time I presume there were eight or ten persons around me; some brought lighted candles, and appeared very deeply affected, tears streaming down their cheeks; others enquired whether I was deranged? I replied that I had my senses perfectly, but that I was a great sinner, and feared, lost forever. I requested them

to leave me, and they did so. All the spiritual representations, or appearances to my mind before mentioned, were now gone, and a kind of horror ensued. Infernal spirits now seemed to tempt me to relinquish any further effort for mercy, and to suggest that I had better make choice now of hell; that I had just witnessed the holy and lovely character of God, and seen how totally unlike my own it was, that now if I would choose hell, this would terminate the whole business; and, said the tempter, (for no conversation that I ever held was more distinct to my mind than this,) "Men have chosen darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil;" that is, said he, where men have been sinners like yourself, they choose hell instead of heaven, because, as you well know, they cannot be happy in the presence of such infinite purity and holiness. My mind, however, gave no assent or particular dissent to these insinuations. The ideas struck me with indescribable horror, such as I had never imagined before, so dreadful that my blood seemed to chill with a kind of terror mixed with detestation. Precisely in this state of mind I fell asleep, for I had scarcely closed my eyes to sleep for three or four nights or more previous.

Feb. 14th.—This morning I awoke in such a state of unutterable despair, as few of the human family ever experience this side of the eternal world; all my distress before was comparatively light to that of this morning. I entertain no doubt but that, as David says, "the pains of hell got hold of me." I had a large foretaste of that fire that never shall be quenched; that dreadful burning in the soul, that a drop of water to the tongue

would be worth worlds of treasure. The Potomac river flowed within a few rods of the door, and such was the burning in my breast, that I speak but what I really felt, when I say, it appeared to me that if the whole river could pass through my breast, it would be burnt up, lost, annihilated! I could not sit still, or stand still one minute—seize a pitcher of water and drink it as a man would in the fire, or when he should know he was to be in hell the next moment. It, however, had no effect, because it did not reach the dffiiculty; this was in my heart. Oh! I exclaimed, had I only raised my hand or in any way given my assent that I would accept the offer of salvation made by the Saviour, I might now be rejoicing in religion, with a hope of eternal life through him. But death eternal! oh, that word *eternal!* None but the damned and those who feel as I then did, can realize the import of this word. I entertained no more hope, not the least shadow, than if I had been in hell. Every step I took I was apprehensive of immediately sinking; walking in the piazza I repeatedly laid hold of the pillars to prevent myself from sinking. I made two or three turns for the Potomac to cool myself from the flame that raged within. I had no temptation now to destroy myself, for all the heaven I was ever to enjoy, was the few moments left me to remain out of hell! I felt, with all its force, that most accurate description of despair by Milton—

> "Me miserable! which way shall I fly?
> Which way I fly, is Hell, myself am Hell;
> And in the lowest deep a lower deep
> Still threat'ning to devour me, opens wide,
> To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven."

I could not have prayed a word for all the kingdoms of the earth; I had refused to accept of salvation, and now to ask mercy would provoke God to send me instantly to ruin. For I conceived still, that nothing but his goodness delayed the sentence. I believed yesterday that I was a great sinner, but my rejection of Christ last night, appeared like an ocean to a drop, in comparison to all my former sins. I believe now, that nothing but *malice* was wanting to have constituted it the unpardonable sin. My refusal was, "My sins are so great I *cannot* come." Had I felt the disposition to say no I *will not* come, I have no idea that mercy could ever have reached me afterwards, and this *wilful* rejection is what the Apostle means when he says, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins but a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversary.

I must hereby beg leave to digress from the narrative in this letter, to some remarks on the unpardonable sin, as it was for this purpose that I consented to make this letter public, fully persuaded that this dreadful sin is not well understood, for if it is, why are so many thousands both of the children of God and persons under conviction harrassed and perplexed with the idea that they have committed it? I have paid much attention to the subject for the last twenty years, have read every work that I could obtain, calculated to throw any light upon it, and as far as I am capable of judging, very few of the writers understood at all what they were publishing.

Most persons have imagined it necessary, that the individual must be endowed with great pow-

ers of mind—must add to this great learning so as to *know how* to commit it—neither of which are at all necessary. I conceive that it requires no metaphysical reasoning to prove plainly, what this sin unto death is, and that any person may commit it, who has sufficient illumination from the Spirit of God to know certainly, and clearly, the way of life by Jesus Christ, and *wilfully*, (on this word *wilfully*, that is, with malice in the heart and hatred of God, hangs the whole hinge of this dreadful sin—wilfully) declare, *No, I will not have salvation from Thee.* The soul in this case, like hell itself, despises Christ and his salvation, and rejects it with disdain. This, and this only, constitutes the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost, mentioned by the Saviour in Matthew xii. 31.

These Jews evidently knew Christ—knew him to be the Son of God—and they knowingly and wilfully rejected him, and ascribed that to him which they knew was the greatest sin they could commit. No compunction of conscience ensued, but they said again, so as to *repeat* their sin, "say we not well that thou art a Samaritan and hast a devil?"—John viii. 48.

The individuals who have committed this sin, have no repentance, and can have none; they are nothing less than *incarnate devils.* Their conscience is seared as with a hot iron. They are entirely sold to sin, and are totally unlike a sinner under conviction, or a believer in darkness. These are both seeking for deliverance, and that through the very Saviour that the others have contemned and despised. Bunyan supposes that this sin must be committed before two or three

witnesses, (see Heb. x. 28 and 29,) which evidently favors this opinion. See also Heb. vi. 6, where Christ is said to be put to open shame, which could not be unless witnesses are present and understand his rejection and denial of Christ. The instances of *Spira and Newport* were evidently public. But this sin must be something more than a mere abjuration in writing, because thus did *Cranmer*, and yet died triumphantly.

I am fully persuaded that this sin is very rarely indeed committed, perhaps not twice in a thousand years; and when persons under distress of mind are led to believe they have committed it, and are distressed on account of it, and desire salvation by Jesus Christ, they may rest assured that the suggestion is only a temptation of the Devil, and the soul must cry to God for deliverance.

There are doubtless thousands of persons who have passed their day of grace. The spirit will no longer strive with them, though they have not committed the unpardonable sin, still they are left to go down to hell "with a lie in their right hand," and have only to fill up the measure of their days, and will then, like Judas, go to their own place. But here is a certain criterion, that those who are distressed and are anxiously enquiring what they must do to be saved, are not among this number. The spirit of God *awakens* the sinner, but they who are given over have no awakening of this kind. They are never anxious for their salvation, but commonly embrace *Universalism*, *Deism*, *Socinianism*, or some other damnable heresy. Many, however, who have embraced these sentiments, are afterwards made

subjects of grace, but very, very rarely, after fifty years of age.

The weary and heavy laden sinner is always invited to come to Christ. Come, then, despairing sinner, and submit to Christ and he will save you, though your sins are as red as crimson;—or, to use the language of Hart,

> "The sinner, black as hell,
> May here for hope have ground;
> For who of mercy needs despair,
> Since I have mercy found."

But to return to the morning in the narrative. Breakfast was prepared, and I, by great urging, sat down; but had scarcely touched the chair before I arose, unable to eat—continued walking, and occasionally, as before, clinging to the pillars until our horses were ready.

All beholders were astonished, and a solemnity appeared upon the countenances of all present that exceeded any thing of the kind I have ever witnessed—have sometimes hoped that God made it a means of salvation to some of them, but have never heard from that section of country since. It was a long time before I could compose myself enough to travel. At length, however, I was enabled to ride 17 miles.

At the inn where we stopped for the night, (in Fredericktown, Md.,) a man was playing upon a dulcimer, and while he played I could sit still, but the moment he ceased, I was on my feet. The circumstance strikingly reminded me of Saul and David.

Feb. 15.—Rode twenty-two miles, and put up with two eminent Christians, about seventy-five

or eighty years of age. The man informed me that he was a year and eight months exercised with the belief that he had committed the unpardonable sin,—had found comfort in religion, and believed I should. His wife related a similar experience, and said she, "when you once breakfasted here, I thought I had quite an attachment to you, though I could not tell why, as we were perfect strangers and you had never spoken to me, and I have often thought of you since, but now, added she, it is all explained; the Lord is about to bring you out in religion, and that is the reason why I was so interested in you."

However, these remarks had no effect on me, that I know of. I entertained no doubt that my damnation was sealed forever. But after my uncle and I had retired to bed, he said to me, why do you not pray? I answered, because God would smite me if I should. He added, with a manifestation of deep feeling, do try to say the Lord's prayer; in consequence of his urging me I said, "Our Father"—could say no further, but shrieked aloud—Lord, have mercy on me! I dared not repeat the Lord's prayer, though I had been in the habit of so doing from a child.

In the morning I took a Bible, the first I had seen since my illness. I took it for no other purpose but to discover, if practicable, whether any sinner in hell would have so low a place as I should. The first passage that met my eye was in Malachi, "Behold the day cometh that shall burn as an oven; the proud, yea, all they that do wickedly, shall be as stubble." I closed the book with a shriek of horror revived. There was that kind of feeling which may be conceived in

some measure, when it lightens very sharp and near, so apparently as to blind you for a moment, and you have instant reflection that it will strike you, and to complete the idea, you have no hope of heaven, but a deep sense of the punishment for sin, in the other world to which you are hastening. I looked upon the book with astonishment that it did not consume me; a sort of unconsuming fire seemed to abide with me. I felt this to be the displeasure of God.

By the urgent advice, however, of these aged saints, I resolved to pray, let the consequences be what they might. This resolution never failed me I believe, from that hour. In a few days I arrived at my father's house in Connecticut, but no hope, no prospect of hope. I visited many clergymen of various denominations, as well as many Christians, but continued in this state of despair, with little or no mitigation, for eleven months. Many nights I slept not until near morning, and usually opened my eyes with a scream of agony. The idea of being confined in a room with the doors shut was intolerable, it so strikingly reminded me of my eternal confinement, soon to ensue.

During the summer I labored in the field with my father, and not unfrequently my agony of mind was so great that if not engaged in hard employment, I laid hold of small sticks, &c., at hand, and ground them to powder with my teeth. I am confident that my mind was perfectly sane, but oh, that dreadful foreboding of hell! The dreadful wrath of God! Ah! said my father to me once, when hearing me exclaim, "I'm lost forever!" "You are not lost forever, there is

mercy for you." But, said I, "God is not a man that he should lie; nor the Son of man, that he should repent. Hath he said, and shall he not do it? or hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good?" I viewed myself most of the time, as much beyond the power of God to save, as are the devils or lost spirits in hell.

The aspect of the air during the whole period of my distress, was gloomy in the extreme. The very skies seemed to be shrouded with the curtain of death. A number of persons who saw me, were awakened and made to rejoice in the truth months before I was indulged with that privilege. Among others, one or two of my own sisters. O, what a wonder of mercy that I should ever find peace in believing.

I believe I never failed going away for secret prayer, from once or twice, to ten or twelve times a day. Not because I was ever to be converted, this I imagined impossible; but because I could but go to hell, and I was determined to go praying, although I was frequently impressed with the idea that I was blaspheming God by so doing, and at other times, that I was praying to the adversary.

At times I imagined I could take some satisfaction in eating, but as sure as I had made any such calculation, the moment I sat down to the table it was suggested to my mind that as some self-denial was requisite, if I would leave the table, go and pray, I should find relief; of course I left my meal, and retired for prayer. I believe not unfrequently two or three times at one meal. And what may appear a little remarkable on these occasions more than any other, I imagined I was

praying to the devil. This circumstance contributed very much to increase my anguish of heart.

During the whole period of my despair, I was harrassed with the most vile, dreadful and blasphemous thoughts, that (I may almost say,) it was possible for the devil himself to conceive. Alas! they distressed me beyond measure! I loathed and abhorred them, prayed and cried over them, to no purpose, apparently. It was a little gratification to me, however, in reading some discourses of Ralph and Ebenezer Erskine, to find that good people had been troubled in the same manner, and their advice under such circstances was very acceptable.

The following passages of scripture were daily, and almost constantly the companions of my thoughts. Heb. chap. vi. 4, 5, 6. Also x. chap. 26, 27, 29, and 38 verses; 2 Peter, ii. chap., 21 and 22, &c.; passages which evidently have reference to those who, by the influence of the divine spirit, are brought to know the good word of God, and they are so far made partakers of the Holy Ghost, as to be awakened by Him. They also evidently feel the powers of the world to come, operating in the mind; convincing them of sin, of righteousness and of judgment to come. All these I had felt, and I knew it, and the only difference between me and the persons here described was, they had sinned *wilfully*, and I had not, as observed before. And even this difference is to be ascribed entirely to God's sovereignty; nothing but his blessed spirit preserved me, and nothing but his sovereign grace will save me at last.

I was much gratified with the perusal of Bunyan's "grace abounding to the chief of sinners," because I found that I was not alone in similar reflections of despair, and vile suggestions. He had suffered longer than I yet had, and still had found forgiveness. But then in the midst of these reflections a cloud would come over me as dark as the damp of death, that there was just difference enough between us to make my sin past forgiveness, and his could just escape and his soul be saved.

But not to weary your patience, and to pass to brighter scenes:—on Thursday night, the 27th of December, 1810, a night never to be forgotten by me, the Lord was my helper and my deliverer. My soul was much agonized in prayer, that if possible I might find salvation. I said and felt that though I had been praying and entreating God's mercy for eleven months, still I was a sinner, and all my prayers and tears were like chaff before the wind. They were not to be found, and so far from making myself any better, I was still that miserable sinner, unworthy of any thing but eternal destruction; but I said, if thou wilt *suffer* me to believe in thee, I will with all my heart. This portion of scripture seemed to be impressed with energy and meaning; believest thou that I am able to do this? I cried, "Lord I do believe, help thou mine unbelief."

In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, I felt myself comparatively in a new world. I saw with new eyes, I heard with new ears, and I certainly understood with a new heart. It was about ten o'clock in the evening. I walked to the window, and the stars appeared to shine with

a new lustre. O, thought I, that I had ten thousand tongues to praise my Saviour. I cried out, sun, moon, and stars praise him; seas and skies, praise him; saints and angels, shout and praise him; but every thing appeared to fall so infinitely short of the glory due to him, that I clasped my hands together and cried again, Lord, *glorify thou thyself* and let my soul also glorify thee. I could discover no possibility that the millionth part of the glory due him, could ever be rendered even in eternity. Well may the four living creatures, and the four and twenty elders, ascribe glory, and honor, and power, and might, and majesty, and dominion, to him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb forever. I now gave up my soul and body over and over again, and O, said I, that I had a thousand more souls to give him. Did I believe that I had committed the unpardonable sin? Truly I was a great sinner, but had I been a thousand times greater, here is mercy enough to pardon me, if I could but believe. O the height, the depth, the length and the breadth of the love of Jesus!

On this interesting occasion, a young man was asleep in the chamber, and I awoke him with a belief that I could make him see, and believe as I did, partake of the same enjoyment; but after listening awhile with silent attention, he fell asleep. I burst into tears of disappointment, and wept aloud for some minutes, but at length said, if you will not praise God for his goodness, I will. Glory be to his name. I longed to take wings and fly from one end of the earth to the other, to beg and entreat all nations and people to love the

Lord for his goodness, his mercy, and especially his holiness.

The next morning I arose early, took my Bible, and opened to the 14th chapter of John, "Let not your heart be troubled," &c. The subject was entirely new, though I had read over the words many times before. Every line seemed to reach my case, and almost call me by name. It was too much—I closed the book, and with my heart almost bursting with emotions of gratitude, sung aloud the following:

> "O Jesus my Saviour, to thee I submit,
> With love and thanksgiving fall down at thy feet;
> In sacrifice offer my soul, flesh and blood,
> Thou art my Redeemer, my Lord and my God."

These lines expressed in a striking manner the very feelings of my heart, as did also the chapter I had read. I was persuaded that there could be no other chapter like it, and this I should at once commit to memory. But on again opening, I read the 15th, and found this equally precious, and equally applicable.

For years since, Dear Sir, I have enjoyed many delightful seasons in which I could say, I know that my Redeemer liveth. I know that when this, my earthly house, shall be dissolved, I have a building of God, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Many, many times have I said with Peter, "Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee."

For about two years after this period, I had not a cloud as big as a man's hand. All was light, and glorious and lovely, on the blessed subject of true evangelical religion. I feel much

astonished at the conduct of professors! If they love God why do they not manifest it by their walk and conversation? I am persuaded that they injure the cause of truth more than all the infidels in the community. But O to grace how great a debtor I am! a poor, miserable sinner. My salvation is of grace, from the bottom to the top stone. No sentiment inculcated in the scriptures is clearer to my mind than this, God is a sovereign and will do his pleasure; blessed be his name.

Affectionately yours,

VERITAS.

"July, 1830.

It is now about twenty years since the preceding exercises, and during that period I have enjoyed many religious privileges and blessings through the kindness and influence of the Holy Spirit, and it hath pleased God to make use of so unworthy an instrument as myself to awaken numbers of careless sinners, who are now walking in the truth, and are rejoicing in the prospect of a glorious immortality; and to these facts I may be indulged, after so many years, in adding, that I have not the least disposition to believe that there was any illusion in what I saw, nor have I ever doubted the perfect sanity of my mind during the whole period of the exercises mentioned in the above letter. I am constrained to make these remarks because the views I had were not ordinary and by many would be considered the result of fanaticism. I have witnessed no particular supernatural appearances since;

but so certain am I that my previous representations are perfectly correct; that the Saviour manifested himself to my *mind's eye* at least, as distinctly and visibly as man was ever beheld with my bodily eyes, that to this day, I believe it beyond the power of human reasoning to excite a doubt of the reality of what I saw. Whether with my bodily or mental eyes I cannot tell; "God knoweth," but his presence was as much brighter than the sun, as that luminary is brighter than the feeble lamp, and even this comparison fails. The apostle Peter says, his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light. Matt. xvii. 2. As white as no fuller on earth can white them, Mark ix. 3. No language that I have ever been able to conceive, so strikingly represents my view as this.

In attending some lectures on Galvanism, and witnessing some experiments from a powerful Galvanic Battery, my mind was peculiarly impressed with the whiteness of the light exhibited when the two poles were brought near together. It struck me as approaching nearer the representation of what I saw, than any sensible object ever presented to the eyes. Those who have witnessed such an exhibition, can imagine in some measure what is intended by the expression "as white as the light." When we reflect that the eye, (unless very strong,) cannot steadily behold the small stream of light of a few inches only, how must the mind be impressed, when beholding the Son of God (knowing him to be such) "clothed with a garment down to the feet," with more effulgent brightness, and his face shining as the sun in his strength. After a man has been

perfectly conscious in himself that he has witnessed such a scene, it would be a hard matter to convince him that the whole was an illusion of the senses.

Most men are disposed to be skeptical with regard to what they have not themselves witnessed. I once heard a minister declare from the pulpit, "brethren, there is no such thing as a change of heart, or what is called conversion; because, (said he,) I have never experienced it, and therefore do not believe it in others." Most men accustomed to reasoning would imagine that his conclusion arose not from very logical deductions. Upon this principle, therefore, I would request others not to condemn any previous declarations made, because it is not the ordinary course of Providence to bring sinners to repentance.

Many instances of a similar nature might be adduced, since St. Paul, Constantine and Luther. Suffice to mention one, already before the public, in the life of Col. Gardner. It may be seen in the fifth volume, page ninety-six, of the American Tracts. "Suddenly he thought he saw an unusual blaze of light fall on the book while he was reading, which he at first imagined might have happened by some accident in the candle. But lifting up his eyes he apprehended to his extreme amazement, that there was before him, suspended in the air, a visible representation of the Lord Jesus Christ upon the cross, surrounded with glory; and was impressed as if a voice, or something equivalent to a voice, had come to him, to this effect; "O sinner, did I suffer this for thee, and are these the returns? He judged it to be

an audible voice, and struck with such an amazing phenomenon, he sunk down in his chair," &c.

If any remarks are discordant with the Bible, then reject them. Let God be true though it make every man a liar. But no new revelation is advanced, and if Paul says he was seen last of him also, he only is speaking of himself in connection with the other disciples, but does not in the least imply but that he may afterwards appear to thousands.—1 Cor. xv. 8.

I am sensible that all this will profit me nothing unless my heart is subdued by the blessed influences of the spirit of God. But I have endeavored to give a faithful and impartial account of what I believe to be facts, and what I believe will so be found at the day of judgment. If any despairing sinner shall recieve any consolation or aid from this communication, I shall be abundantly rewarded.

May God add his blessing so that when Christ shall finally appear, we may be found like him."

At the time the Sun of Righteousness so gloriously arose upon his soul, Mr. L. was in the village of Cheshire, teaching school, and boarding in the family of the Rev. Mr. F. With a few others Mr. Linsley commenced holding a weekly evening meeting. The attendance increased to hundreds, and some hopeful conversions were, by the divine blessing, the result of these labors. How true is it that the glorious fruit of the Spirit's operations is *love!* The heart, before all frozen in icy selfishness, or locked in gloomy misanthropy, melts and flows out in love to all its species. The next blessed morning dawned upon him, a free, disenthralled being. The Author of all

true joy and peace had broken the fetters of his dreadful bondage, bringing him out of the dismal dungeon where he had so long groaned; he remarked, on returning from his school, that he longed to take up each of those dear little ones in his arms, and tell them of the love of Jesus. His enlarged heart seemed to yearn over the little immortals. He had been drinking at the fountain of exhaustless benevolence and joy, and its sweet life-giving waters, had pervaded his whole soul. The following letter was written, it will be perceived, not long after his change, to a friend and relative whom he longed to see walking with him on his newly found path. We are happy to state that the young gentleman to whom it was addressed, has since become a preacher of the unsearchable riches of Christ.

"CHESHIRE, February 12th, 1811.

"DEAR AND RESPECTED COUSIN,

As we, I hope, feel interested in each other's welfare, you will not think it strange that I should commence an epistolary correspondence. I should like much to see you and talk face to face, and tell you my dear friend, the sentiments and feelings of my soul, but as we are so situated at present as to render this inconvenient, I have now taken my pen for the purpose of opening my mind to you, that with the blessing of God, you may be enabled before you lay your head in the dust, and your soul is winged to an eternity of bliss or torment, to write me something of the same sentiment, or at least express something what the Lord has done for your soul. You, my dear friend, have been in some measure witness

to the horrors and distress of mind that I have suffered the summer past. But dear sir, could you have seen and conversed with me within six weeks past, you would think that I had received an hundred fold in this life, for all my distress and sorrow, and O sir I must tell you, I have a lively hope of the life that is to come; a hope that is worth more to me than a thousand and million such worlds as this. O this is no comparison at all.

Dear sir it is about eleven months that I have been under most pungent and deep conviction, such conviction as no tongue nor pen is in the least able to describe. But I am now as happy as I have ever been miserable. O I have enjoyed more solid happiness in one hour within six weeks past, than I could in sin for a thousand years, and even have all the range of Creation. The light broke into my soul very suddenly and unexpectedly, but I was overcome with such joy that

> "My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
> And sung surprising grace."

My soul was all illuminated with divine love; my sins though many and exceedingly aggravated, appeared all forgiven. I called upon earth and seas to praise God; sun, moon and stars praise Him, saints and angels shout and praise Him, but they appeared to fall so infinitely short of the glory that was due unto Him, that I cried out in an ecstacy of joy, O Lord glorify thou thyself, and let my soul also glorify thee. I was so happy that I thought I cared nothing for the necessaries of life, but to be continually praising

God. And now O my dear friend, my earnest prayer is that you might be in the same situation. O could you for one moment feel the joy, you would soon say you never knew what was happiness before, for I think I can truly say that I never had any thing to be compared with happiness before. All worldly joys appear like a dream, or an empty vapor.

O sir, what I would entreat of you now is, that you renounce all your worldly pleasures and embrace the righteousness of a crucified Redeemer. O fly to the Saviour; make the Judge your friend. Remember you must shortly die and give an account of all the deeds done here in the body. I know that you have been a respectable young man as to your morals, but my dear friend will they stand you at the day of judgment, when the rocks and mountains shall melt and run down like wax at the presence of a Holy God? My friend, I say, have you any thing in your soul that can stand such a test as this? Will your morality save you, when the Scripture says, without holiness no man can see the Lord?

O I must tell you there is nothing but truth and holiness will stand such a test and trial as this. O come, come I entreat you to come and taste of this heavenly manna.

O my friend I cannot write one half so much as I could wish, but I would entreat and beg of you not to put off repentance any longer, for the longer you put it off the more enticing is the world, and the harder it will be to forsake sin, and so much the more sorrow you must undergo, before you can enjoy the one thing needful or

possess the pearl of *great price.* What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul; or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul? for when we come upon a death-bed all these things must be stripped off and our souls be left naked; and O what shall we do if we have not the righteousness of Christ to cover us; sad indeed will be the case of such an one. But such will inevitably be the case of every one who has not been born again. 'Marvel not that I said unto you, ye must be born again.' That you would think on these things, and repent before it is too late, is the earnest prayer of your loving friend and well wisher.

JAMES H. LINSLEY."

"N. B. Do not fail to write to me as soon as possible, by all means."

How his mind was exercised with respect to avowing himself publicly on the Lord's side, will appear by the following extract from the private journal which he now commenced.

"Feb. 17th, 1811. I have for a few weeks past believed it my indispensable duty to make a public profession of religion—have been fully satisfied that baptism can only be administered by immersion. It requires some self-denial, situated as I am in the family of a *Congregational* minister.

"This day after hearing Rev. Mr. B. preach on the baptism of believers, and resorting 'to the river side where prayer was wont to be made,' and seeing eleven converts buried in baptism and raised again with a determination to walk in newness of life, I felt much condemned that I

had not joined them, and removed the weight that lay on my mind,—an obligation which I found it my indispensable duty to comply with,—while they left the water *rejoicing* in the fulfilment of duty, I departed with a heavy heart, fully convinced that the only way to enjoy religion or the approbation of a good conscience is to fulfill *all the commandments* of God. I resolved therefore to improve an early opportunity to relieve my own mind, and to bless the Lord for the privilege of so doing. God was also pleased to make the sermon effectual to the awakening of one young man who had previously been very vile, but his great and anxious inquiry now is, 'what shall I do to be saved?'"

"Feb. 18th. My brother just arrived with the painful intelligence that my youngest brother, aged eighteen months, has gone to try the realities of eternity. May the Lord sustain my dear parents under this afflicting dispensation, and enable them to say, 'blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

"Feb. 21st. In watching with the corpse of the dear little brother during the past night, I have by the blessing of the Divine Spirit, enjoyed much consolation at the throne of grace. O what a wonder of mercy I am, thus to be favored with the cheering influences of the Holy Spirit,—one so dead in trespasses and sins."

"March 13th. Arose early this morning, took a walk in the fields, had sweet communion with God; every object I saw was apparently praising its Maker—the trees, the grass, the fields, the hills, and the vallies. But the sad reflection that the heart of man is filled with rebellion against

God, and is only anxious to detract from the praise that is due to Him for all His glorious attributes, drew tears from my eyes. O that every thing which has breath might praise the Lord. It is my heart's desire to live free from sin. I loathe it, and abhor it, because it is opposed to such infinite holiness and loveliness. But alas, I can exclaim with the apostle, who shall deliver me from the body of this death."

"March 16th. Visited an affectionate brother in the Lord, in Hamden. Spent our evening in conversation on what God had done for our souls,—in prayer and praise to that God who has done great things for us. After retiring, we could not sleep, but arose and prayed, and rejoiced in the divine consolations of the Holy Spirit. The terrors of death are entirely removed—death is but the porter to open the door to endless happiness with my Saviour Jesus. O I long to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. With what rapture would that delightful sound reach my ears, and my heart, '*child your Father calls come home.*' I long to take wings and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, and proclaim the glad tidings and way of salvation to those that sit in darkness. O come Lord Jesus, come quickly—teach me thy will—show me my duty—make me do all thy will, and serve thee faithfully until thou shalt call me home. O grace and mercy to be admired! that I, who lately had one foot in hell, stand now rejoicing with one foot in heaven—rejoicing not only in hope, but almost in beatific vision with an eye of faith; leaning on my Saviour."

"21st. Have attended many conference meetings since December last, some every week, and from about half a dozen, we have increased to near three hundred, which I should presume were present this evening. Endeavored to be faithful to them—many Deists and Universalists present. When I assured them that their sentiments were of their father the devil, some disapprobation appeared in their countenances, but all remained attentive. Heard after meeting that one man had threatened violence, but he said nothing to me.

"May the good Lord make me wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove, and always remove all fear of men, or consequences from bad men, and may I never daub with untempered mortar. May I always prefer to suffer affliction with the people of God, rather than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.

"It is my earnest desire to be like God—to be holy—humble and obedient to Him in all things.

"The world has justly been compared to a great hospital full of sick, wounded and dying souls, all wounded by the same dreadful weapon *sin*. Many are totally senseless of their misery and danger—feel not their pains, and are not at all solicitous for a physician. Some are apprehensive that all is not right, mourn under a sense of their awful condition, and inquire anxiously what they shall do? But God in His abundant compassion has been pleased to send a physician to such souls, that all who apply may be cured of their malady. The Spirit of the Lord has been upon him. He has preached deliverance to these captives, and given sight to those that are blind,

has come to bind up the broken hearted, and to bring out the prisoners out of the prison house. He is indeed the tree of life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. He rejects none who come, and heals all whom he undertakes to heal. Blessed physician Jesus! O that all may feel their need of Him, and apply to Him speedily before too late.

"Fast-day, April 12th. (North Haven.) This day am determined to come out on the side of the Lord by a public profession of his name. By being buried in baptism, and like as Christ was raised from the dead, by the glory of the Father, even so may I also walk in newness of life. After sermon preached by Rev. J. B. from Matthew v: 45, I was called upon to relate my experience, or reason for the hope within me; which I did in presence of the whole congregation. Eight other candidates had related theirs before, at a church meeting. We then retired to the river side, where prayer was wont to be made. A very cold blustering day, and occasional snow squalls, but when I came up out of the water, I was happy in having discharged, what I had long believed my duty. My soul was in an exstacy of love and gratitude to that blessed Jesus, who set me an example in this ordinance, and has given a promise that He will be with His children even unto the end of the world. Think I can say with Peter, Lord thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee. This is the happiest day I ever saw."

A strong impression that he was called of God to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ to a ruined world, now took firm possession of his

mind. This conviction was too powerful to allow of his remaining at Cheshire, as he felt some greater mental preparation than he now possessed, was necessary to qualify him for that most arduous, responsible and yet blessed and honored station; to watch as one of the under shepherds, over a part of the flock of Christ. A few entries from his journal, as he had made this most important decision, are subjoined.

"April 13th. This day dismissed my school of ninety-three pupils—gave them such exhortation and remarks as I felt impressed on my mind. A solemn season, as most of them appeared much affected when I bid them farewell. Believing it my duty to commence a course of study preparatory to college, persuaded, (after many prayers and tears to know my duty,) that I must at some future time preach the gospel, after visiting the brethren, who appeared much to regret my departure from them, I endeavored to comfort them, and departed from Cheshire.

"April 24th. Left Northford for Wallingford academy, under Rev. Mr. B. Hope I have not undertaken any thing contrary to the will of my Heavenly Father, in this thing. I can only say with Samuel of old, *Lord here am I*, do with me as seemeth thee good.

"May 5th. Am this day twenty-four years of age. O how little I have ever done for God! But how much I have sinned against his love. The Lord is good to me, not only in preservation, but in sending the Holy Comforter to cheer my poor heart through this pilgrimage world.

"June 12th. Ministers and delegates met this day at North Haven to constitute us, (who have

been baptized,) into a gospel church. Sermon delivered by Rev. J. G."

While Mr. Linsley was pursuing his studies as above, with his characteristic energy and industry, besides studying from eight to twelve hours in a day, he taught a school of ninety pupils six hours daily, in addition. The result of such a course may be anticipated. In about eight or nine months, a violent hemorrhage from the lungs ensued, and brought its ardent young victim to the gates of death. Naturally possessed of a robust constitution, his health in this severe requisition yielded, and though God was pleased to spare him for so long a time, perhaps it never subsequently recovered its pristine vigor. Enthusiastic, resolute and persevering, it was almost an impossibility for him to take that prudent care of his health which duty demanded. His strong mind seemed to forget all sympathy with its diseased companion, and his cheerful buoyant spirits, so prone to revel in sunshine, made him long to be active for his glorious Master, even when the frail tenement that held them, was prostrate by disease. He was now apparently given over to his last foe; but the state of his redeemed soul was delightfully peaceful and happy. No choice, he affirmed, had he, as to the termination of his malady, only what God should choose for him. But if he *must* express a preference, it would be to depart and be with Christ; fearing that never in after life should he be so well prepared. A voyage to Maine being recommended, it was undertaken, although indications appeared to justify the prediction made at the commencement of the excursion, that he

would never return. Still this course was greatly blessed, and returning with health so renovated as to seem almost like a resurrection, he resumed his studies in August following, at Guilford, under Rev. A. D. one of the corporation of Yale College. Mr. Linsley taught the academy in this town, and finished his course of preparation for Yale, which he entered in the September of 1813.

As illustrating his character, it is proper to observe, that he maintained himself through his collegiate course, as he did in preparing for it, solely by his own unaided exertions in teaching, never receiving one farthing of assistance from any individual. During his first winter, he continued teaching at Guilford, and returned to college in April. Three-fourths of the Junior year were passed as preceptor of an academy in Bedford, N. Y. Yet he kept up with his class, and on returning to the Seminary, found himself three weeks in advance of them. During most of his Senior year, he taught the New Township academy in New Haven; recited regularly all the while with his class; wrote disputes, not only for himself, but for others of his compeers; recited Hebrew in addition to the usual studies of the class, and also attended the lectures of the Institution on Philosophy, Chemistry, Mineralogy, Astronomy, &c. He was accustomed in subsequent life to remark, that on reviewing the formidable obstacles that opposed his obtaining an education, and the herculean labors he was compelled to exert in order to achieve this darling object, the attempt seemed even to himself almost like madness. Yet he graduated honor-

ably, and as he was accustomed to remark, was never in debt.

In the Sophomore year, his father encountered an alarming accident, from which he barely escaped with life. Mr. Linsley's filial and fraternal feelings were unusually strong, being possessed of a warm and affectionate disposition. To manifest his emotions at this period, we copy a portion of a letter addressed to his father on his partial recovery, regretting that in the lapse of time a most interesting portion is destroyed.

"YALE COLLEGE, Dec. 20th, 1814.

"DEAR FATHER,

"It is with the highest degree of satisfaction, that I once more have an opportunity in this life, of addressing my honored father, whose body a few weeks since, I deemed would have been at this time laid in the silent tomb, mouldering and assimilating to its kindred earth, and his soul to have been called into the presence of that God who gave it; my mother, myself and the family to be mourning the irreparable loss. But blessed be God, my father is yet *alive;* yes he yet lives this side eternity; may the God of heaven grant us all hearts of gratitude for the continuation of blessings. But how ought it to lead us to repentance of our sins. O that we might be awakened to a sense of our duty and our obligations to God. Let it be our earnest prayer that the Lord would sanctify such afflictive dispensations of His providence as he has seen fit to lay upon us, for our spiritual welfare and growth in grace. Alas! I verily fear these things will rise up against us in the day of judgment. . . . .

"I pray that the glorious Mediator between God and man would condescend to restore my father to his usual health, and even if it can be consistent with His holy will, to a better state of health than he has ever been accustomed to enjoy. But alas! should this be the case it will be but a short time at the longest, before he must unavoidably quit the clayey tenement of this earthly house, and resign his precarious life into the hand of God who gave it. May God grant that he may be so ready, and reconciled to the righteous will of his Maker, as that death, whenever it shall come, shall give him no alarm, but may he be enabled to say with sincerity, 'come Lord Jesus, come quickly,' and may his precious and immortal soul with that of my dear mother, be found at the right hand of the ever blessed Jesus, when He shall make up His jewels.

"And while I think on these important subjects, I cannot refrain from addressing a few words to my dear brothers and sisters. O my young friends, God has come very near to us all. My dearest brothers and sisters we are hastening to eternity! how soon we may be called before our final Judge, He only knows. But are you prepared, should God this night by some fatal and unexpected accident, call you out of time into eternity? . . . . . O my dear souls, can I endure the thought that I have a brother or a sister, that is to be forever doomed to such direful, *direful* sufferings! But let me tell you, as one allied to you by the dearest ties of nature, and as one who feels for your immortal souls, that this will be your unhappy portion as sure as you now exist, unless you repent. I

tell you these things because I love you, and not because I wish to trouble you. O I pray you in Christ's stead, to think on these things now, *even now*, while your lives are spared, before it is forever and eternally too late. Prepare to meet your God.

"I remain yours affectionately,

"J. H. LINSLEY."

In the Spring of 1815, took place a glorious outpouring of the Holy Spirit at Yale, in which blessed and memorable season, Mr. Linsley, as might be expected, was all activity, love and zeal. Before the commencement of this state of feeling in College, Mr. Linsley with Messrs. Elias Cornelius, S. B. Ingersoll, and a few other pious students, agreed to meet at an early hour in the morning before prayers in the chapel, to pray particularly for impenitent students. Soon an anxiety commenced among the members of the Seminary, which greatly encouraged and strengthened this band of praying brothers. The current of religious feeling deepened and widened; the few drops immediately increased to a mighty shower, and a revival, almost if not quite, unparalleled in the history of the Institution, ensued. Mr. Linsley mentions in a subsequent record, "I not unfrequently spent days in conversation, exhortation and prayer among the students, and was frequently interrupted in my studies, by young men who requested me with tears to pray for them, and one afternoon was interrupted in this way by no less than *six*, all of whom afterwards I believe, manifested a hope in Christ. About eighty were numbered as the fruits of this

revival, many of whom are now eminent ministers of the gospel. Some however, returned again like the swine that was washed, to her wallowing in the mire.

"It became popular to be under conviction. A few instances occurred of infidels who closed their doors against any visit from the brethren, but the Lord sent arrows of conviction to their hearts even while bolted up in their closets, and they came out and solicited prayers. The Spirit of the Lord seemed more or less to affect every heart. But the effect which popularity had upon the cause was without doubt unfavorable. It is necessary that religion should have some self-denial or opposition, or the church will be filled with hypocrites." Again, "for a number of days we were scarcely able to study or recite at all. So universal was the excitement, that it was believed there were not more than three or four students in college, who were not more or less impressed with concern for the soul." "I well recollect one very cold night, in which we walked nearly half a mile from college, at the early hour of three o'clock, to a private room to pray, and I have always remembered that morning as one of the happiest I ever enjoyed. It was truly a season in which heaven seemed to be let down to earth." The state of his own mind is manifested in the following letter to a sister.

"YALE COLLEGE, April 1st, 1815.

"DEAR SISTER E.

"On such a theme as I now am about to address you, my emotions are unutterable. Such an outpouring of the Spirit of God, never did I

witness before, as is now here in college. The Lord is here indeed. I have scarcely any time to look at my studies; my room is almost constantly crowded with persons. One will come in and take me by the hand, 'O I am a poor sinner Linsley; do pray for me; what shall I do?' and while he is speaking in comes another, and affectionately takes me by the hand, 'O how happy I am! O how lovely, how precious is Christ to my soul.' And no sooner are they gone, than in come two or three more, with tears rolling down their cheeks. 'O they have been such sinners, there is no mercy for them,' and sighing and groaning enough to break the heart of stone. Were you here, if your heart is not made of adamant you would certainly cry to God for mercy. O that you would 'repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.' You know your heart must be changed. O my sister, I feel for your soul. I love you dearly, and I pray you in Christ's stead be reconciled to God. While I now am as happy as flesh and blood can be, indeed so that it really appears as if I wanted half a dozen bodies for my soul, it is in such raptures of love and joy. I think of home; my spirit faints within me for that poor family. O what shall I say! wherewith shall I find words to address them. I will tell them what the Lord is doing here. The number under conviction is impossible to be known. Eleven were known to be awakened yesterday; indeed my ears are constantly saluted with new cases. Six obtained hopes this forenoon, four of whom were of my class. I presume there are not ten in my class who are not more or less under conviction. In truth

there is not one but what trembles. The Lord has shaken these colleges to their centre, in a spiritual sense. Our tutors exhort and pray their students to be reconciled to God; my tongue is in almost constant employment every moment I am awake, and I sleep but little. Never was there such a revival in college before; tears of joy or sorrow bathe almost every eye. Some are brought out with only two days conviction; two or three such instances have occurred in twenty-four hours, and they are nearly as happy as flesh and blood can be. O what a blessing to live in such a day as this! Christians are on the mount, converts on the wing, sinners at the feet of Jesus, and great *grace* rests on us all.

"But alas for my brothers and sisters! where are they? Will they rejoice at the news? Will they bless God that he is carrying on his glorious work in such a marvelous manner? Do they love God? Are they friends to Jesus? to that precious Christ who died that sinners might live? O my heart yearns within me while I say no! no! Now is the time to work. Pray that He will come that way with His Spirit, and visit your souls with His salvation. How can I endure the thought that shortly we shall be separated to all eternity. I am on the road to heaven, and you the road to hell, and we are going further and further apart constantly, and you will sink faster than I *can* rise.

"How can you escape if you neglect so great salvation." "Can thine heart endure, or thine hands be strong, in the day when the Lord shall deal with thee?" When will you have a better

time to repent than now? Why will you put off repentance any longer? Do resolve, I beseech you; by all the bowels of God's mercies, by all God's love to His people, by all the ties of brotherly affection, by all the love that mortals can have to each other, that you will immediately seek God. Do 'nt I beseech you, let me meet you at the awful bar of God, unprepared. But I must stop; here a young convert is now come in, to talk with me, who has within a few hours obtained a strong hope in God, and not one week since, was a poor, hardened wretch; who has wicked, ungodly parents, and who seemed to mind none of these things. O blessed, *blessed*, praised, *praised* be the name of the Lord, for He has done marvelous things. How mighty and how manifest is His power here. I pray God to set it home upon your hearts.

"Give my tenderest love to father and mother, and grandmother, and sister O . . . , and be sure to read this letter to the latter, and tell her that I entreat of her, to 'prepare to meet her God,' at the day of judgment, and let me find her at the right hand, with my beloved Saviour on that day.

"And be sure I remain your affectionate brother, J. H. Linsley."

"P. S. I have been under the necessity of writing in the greatest haste, for I have no time to lose or study. I have now discharged my duty, and this letter will be a savor of life unto life, or death unto death. God grant the former. Write to me as soon as possible.

"N. B. About twenty have obtained hopes, but the number is constantly increasing."

Succeeding these labors, was another violent attack of hemorrhage from the lungs, which immediately brought his exhausted frame to the portals of death. His college duties, for the time being, abandoned, he once more returned home, as was thought, but to die. All hope of returning health, and prolonged life, was relinquished, but after a few weeks that remarkable elasticity of constitution which through life afforded an extraordinary power of throwing off disease, once more obtained sway, and the devoted young student was enabled to resume his studies at the Institution.

After the peculiar interest in College had abated, and his own health was restored, Mr. Linsley went to Bedford, and became Principal of the academy. Here he took a prominent part in the evening conferences, and had reason to think the Lord was pleased to bless his labors. He says in writing to his father, "Mr. G. the clergyman, and myself, have a very great attachment for each other. He says he is reminded by our mutual attachment, of '*David and Jonathan*,' and indeed we frequently call each other by those names, though more frequently he calls me by that most endearing epithet, '*my son*.'"

The following is an extract from a letter addressed to a friend in New Haven.

"BEDFORD, Nov. 23d, 1815.

"The first two pages of your letter were truly fraught with much excellence, and very exalted ideas of the Divine character, and particularly of one of His most distinguishing attributes, *Holiness*. What a word! What a subject! What

a theme for angels, and for *fallen man! A theme* of which the carnal mind can have no conception! You can *never*, or very seldom hear a worldly person, or a hypocrite, speak of the *holiness* of God. They seldom ever in prayer, or any conversation, mention a holy God, or any thing that appertains to holiness. I have sometimes almost considered this subject as a *touch stone* of saving faith. Perhaps you have never thought of the idea, but reflect one moment upon your acquaintance with worldly people, and persons whom you deem hypocrites, and see if you do not find this a peculiar trait in the Christian character.

"There is no attribute in the Divine character, to which sin is more diametrically opposed, than holiness. You mention also the *justice of God.* A want of examination, or looking at His justice as well as His mercy, is the cause of so many *Universalists* in our world. But the moment we imagine *Him* not a God of *justice*, we must at the same time, suppose Him an *unholy* God.

"I assure you, my dear friend, your ideas, or observations on the holiness and justice of the Divine Being, gave me no small comfort and satisfaction. It is a great joy to me, that I have so happy an acquaintance with one whom I sincerely trust loves my *Lord and Master*, and who can speak of His Divine perfections, in language so correspondent to my own feelings. I now have much enjoyment in spiritual things, and some blessed seasons at the throne of grace. . . . I attend conference twice a week, expect to be present this evening. One is held every Lord's

day evening in the academy. I am generally obliged to take the most active part, and have hitherto enjoyed myself extremely well. . . . . .

"We are liable on every hand to be contaminated; of being elated with prosperity, or of being too much dejected in adversity. *Pride* is a sin, to which all God's people are more or less exposed, and one to which I feel myself peculiarly liable. A few verses of Hart's hymn upon this subject are now upon my mind, which I shall take occasion to quote, as applicable.

'*Pride*, accursed pride, that spirit by God abhorr'd;
Do what we will, it haunts us still;
And keeps us from the Lord.

It blows its poisonous breath, and bloats the soul with air,
The heart uplifts, with God's own gifts,
And makes e'en *grace* a snare.

Against its influence pray; it mingles with the prayer,
Against it preach, it prompts the speech,
Be silent, still 'tis there.

Awake, nay while we sleep, in all we think or speak,
It puffs us glad, torments us sad,
Its holds we cannot break.

The garden is the place, where pride cannot intrude;
For should it dare, to enter there,
'T would soon be *drown'd in blood.*'"

Again to the same.

"BEDFORD, Dec. 25th, 1815.

"I fully believe I have some spiritual enjoyment which the world knows nothing of. I have hitherto been very happy in this place, in conference meetings, in prayer and exhortation; last Thursday evening especially. From present appearances I have reason to believe that my coming here will not be altogether unprofitable to

some sinners. A number appear very much distressed for themselves, and I still hope a revival is not far distant. Not that I would by any means take any glory to myself. God has only made me an instrument. The glory is all due to Him, and ever will be. I rejoice that He will have the glory and the praise." . . . . . .

Again to the same, after speaking of the evening meetings.

"BEDFORD, Jan. 20th, 1816.

"Last Thursday evening the clergyman had gone to marry a couple; none were left to take part in the exercises but Judge R. and myself; this however frequently happens. The house was very much crowded, and a more solemn assembly I have rarely witnessed. I felt, when going, nothing peculiarly spiritual, but I imagine that I may surely say, if I ever enjoyed the peculiar presence of God, I did that evening. I seldom or never enjoyed myself better in prayer and exhortation. Notwithstanding the exercises of the meeting were protracted until late, it appeared almost impossible for many to leave the house after the conclusion. They came round me with tears and sobs, and some saying, I am so great a sinner, I fear there is no mercy for me, &c. &c. We likewise enjoyed a very excellent meeting in the academy, with more present than I have ever seen there; especially females. I cannot say however that we have a revival, but I sincerely think and I hope not without reason, that we have some pleasant appearances of a commencement."

A very pious young lady and a sister of the person with whom Mr. Linsley had formed a matrimonial engagement, having some conflict in her mind respecting duty, and accordingly feeling her need of Christian counsel, had desired Mr. Linsley to give his opinion upon the two following questions, viz. "1st. Is it right to let expediency be the motive for forming a matrimonial connexion? 2d. Is it right for a professor to marry a non-professor?" To these queries, the subjoined letter was returned.

"YALE COLLEGE, Feb. 16th, 1817.

"MISS M. L.,

"I lately received from you, by the hand of Sophia, two very important questions, with a request for my opinion upon them. Questions respecting which, I deem it utterly impossible for me, and indeed for any other person to arrive at such a conclusion as shall entirely exclude all *exceptions*. But they are similar to many others which we find in Scripture, and through all the walks of life; especially as respects our duty.

"The only decision we can make is, to arrive at such a point in our own minds, as to be *rationally satisfied* respecting the propriety or impropriety of this or that action. You will answer, 'this is the very *difficulty to be answered;* how shall I *arrive* at this rational satisfaction in my own mind?' My reply is, that I know of no better method to be adopted, than a careful examination of the *precious word* of God, accompanied with humble and fervent supplications at the *throne of grace*, for assistance and direction to that path of duty which shall terminate in *your*

own best possible good, and God's greatest glory.

"And this method, my dear friend, I have no doubt, you have constantly pursued; since you experienced any trial on the subject. I do not mention, therefore, this line of conduct to be adopted as any thing *new* to you, but as the best which I know, and which I am sensible will *always hold good*. But that I may not appear *entirely to waive* the subject, I will venture to make a few remarks, though you are not unapprized, that I must write under some embarrassments in giving *my opinion* on a subject of such *delicate importance;* delicate for me to write; if I am indulged the vanity of supposing, that you would consider my opinion of any consequence; as all I can say will be but my *opinion*. Though I would gladly throw what little light I have upon the subject, yet I should sincerely regret to have you biased by my remarks, contrary to your own *just inclinations*.

"First then, *expediency*. It might perhaps be said, that it is not *expedient* to marry without a peculiar and undivided attachment; though from the manner in which it is stated, I presume this is not what you intended by *expediency*.

"But to answer, I must confess I can hardly conceive it possible for considerate minds to enter into such an extremely important connexion, (as respects happiness through life,) without some *peculiar attachment* for each other, and that above all others. But you will probably say, (permit me to suppose yourself the person concerned;) that you have by no means a *special regard* for any *other* person; but you query,

whether yours for ——— is sufficient to authorize you to enter into a connexion with him. Here permit me to inquire, whether, (if you have no love for any other person,) you are not looking for *too much* in your own mind for him. And whether you have not rather a natural propensity to view too much the dark side of the picture in this, as in other cases, where you are importantly concerned. For instance, respecting your religious state, or rather your experimental piety; though I presume no person, with even the slightest acquaintance with your *exercises* and walk, ever entertained a suspicion, but that you (without flattery,) are eminently one of the '*chosen* of God;' whose names are enrolled in the 'Lamb's book of Life.' Yet I presume to say, few persons with such evident manifestations of God's Spirit, ever doubted more of their state. From this circumstance I am induced to think your affection for ——— may be greater than you imagine, and therefore the question of '*expediency*' is not applicable to you. Again, I can hardly conceive it possible for two persons to be intimately acquainted, receive and bestow undivided attention for a considerable length of time, and yet feel no peculiar interest in each other; especially when the *characters* of both are unblemished, and nothing important alleged against their *persons*. But on the other hand, I believe when marriage takes place *without affection*, that it is in consequence of *disappointment*, *madness* or *folly*; or all these combined. It is possible, however, that an *ardent attachment* on one party, may in some *measure*, atone for the want of it on the other; but a *mutual* one is certainly prefera-

ble. But I must hasten to the second question. 'Is it consistent' (with divine truth) 'for an' (experimental) '*professor* to *marry* a *non-professor?*'

"Respecting this question I have experienced but few trials myself, and therefore the less capable of enlightening others. Soon after I obtained a hope (through the mercy of God,) I came to a conclusion in the negative, then believing that I had sufficient proof from Scripture for such a conclusion. In the ardor of this, perhaps *overheated zeal*, I frequently said, if a young lady possessed the wealth of both Indies, the beauty of Venus, all the accomplishments which nature and art can give, and be entirely at my choice, still if her *heart remained unrenewed*, at least if I so considered it, she would not be even a *temptation* to sacrifice the principle. Though I have had no occasion, or *interest* to *relinquish* the principle, as I doubt not but my Sophia (to whom you well know I am under special engagements,) is of that happy number 'whose God is the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is;' yet I consider this decision is liable to some exceptions, especially in your sex. Their case is, (in my opinion,) materially different from that of a *clergyman*, so *widely* different that I may safely say, were I of their number, and visited by a respectable gentleman, of good *moral character*, well disposed towards the subject of religion, that is, so much so as not to treat it contemptuously, though he should not know it experimentally, I should not make this a breaking point, provided I loved him, &c. &c. I am fully sensible, however, that some passages of Scripture have at least if I understand them, some small *bearing* against such a

connexion. But they are passages, respecting which, the greatest adepts in theology contend; viz. 1 Cor. 7: 39, and 2 Cor. 6: 14, passages which you well recollect. Dr. Dwight's opinion respecting the latter text was, that it alluded to the *church entirely*. I am not disposed to condemn this opinion, but I must think the first sentence, 7: 39, can have no reference to the church, though it cannot be considered a positive command. Since writing the above I have thought whether Numbers 36: 6, and Deut 7: 3 and 4, &c. were not typical (in some measure,) of the tribe of believers; whether there is not as much propriety in *believers* marrying none *but believers*, as the passages signify of the *Jewish* tribes, but the idea is one which I never imagined till within a few moments past, and therefore I only suggest it for your investigation, believing also, as you have been interested in this subject, you have examined it with much more scrutiny than myself. As I have said, however, from all I can learn, it would not be a *breaking point* were I in your situation.

"I remain your affectionate, though unworthy brother in the Lord, JAMES H. LINSLEY."

A while after the above was written, Mr. Linsley fractured his knee. The injury was very severe, and compelled him at once to relinquish all exertion, and render himself a strict prisoner, with great reason to apprehend the necessity of amputating the limb. This course, with his active and almost impatient disposition, was an exceedingly bitter trial. Thus snatched away by a blow, from all his studies and other exertions, he seem-

ed in his close confinement and inactivity, almost to lose due fortitude and resignation. We find him expressing himself in the following manner, after speaking of some trials in his seclusion. 'Where is my courage fled? Where is that support in religion which I once enjoyed, when *death* and *hell* itself, could not thus have affected me? Where is that 'meek, that quiet spirit,' which I ought to possess? Where is that resignation to God's dispensations, becoming one professing godliness?'' But he adds, that after reflecting upon God, as the first and last, and great cause of all things; he felt quite calm and composed. Writing to his father under date of Oct. 24th, 1817, and after speaking of his lameness, and the danger to be apprehended from an internal inflammation, he adds, "I long for more resignation to God's divine, though *mysterious* dispensations. I fear that my considering them so mysterious is something like murmuring. I hope and pray, however, I may not be so ungrateful for *ten thousand mercies* as to murmur at the *first blow* of a Heavenly Father's kind chastisement, when He has said expressly, that He does not willingly afflict His people—that whom 'He *loveth* He chasteneth, and scourgeth *every* son whom He receiveth.' Dear parents pray for me, that I above all things may be willing to be, and to suffer willingly and patiently, all that God in His long suffering kindness and tender mercy, shall see fit to inflict upon me. A mind the most desirable in the world is, to be willing to be disposed of entirely as God shall see fit, and never feel disposed to inquire of Him 'what doest thou, or why doest thou thus?' If we are where

we ought always to be, we can bless Him as well and as truly for *adversity* as *prosperity*. Dear parents, it is a great attainment to be able to say in truth, 'thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.' Yet few people realize it; how often this very important sentence, and which is *full of meaning*, is used without the least kind of attention, or regard to God's holy will and pleasure. . . . . I can only bless God for what is past, and trust *Him* for what is to come. He has done, and He will continue to do, all things well; forever blessed be His name. It is sweet reposing all our trust and confidence in Him—to lean upon His arm, and recline upon the breast of His *immutable* and *eternal goodness*. "My dear father will well remember an expression or remark he made respecting what I had not performed. But I will assure him I had not the most distant idea of proceeding any farther than I have, without asking the united *consent* of both my parents. For such a course is certainly *the duty* of *all* children, and a pleasure to an *obedient* one. . . . . .

Religion is every thing in such a connexion, and though we may be separated by *death*, for a day or an hour, yet in such a case, to part with the pleasing and heart cheering sensation, that we shall soon meet in glory, clothed with the righteousness of the spotless Lamb, must always afford us comfort while we travel through this world of trial, besides an endless fruition in the world to come."

In September, 1817, Mr. Linsley was graduated at Yale. He continued his teaching at the academy in New Haven, studied the French lan-

guage and read the theological works studied at Andover, until the next Spring.

Feb. 1, 1818. Mr. Linsley was united in marriage to Miss Sophia B. Lyon, daughter of *Col. William Lyon*. In the succeeding March he was visited with the *third* fearful attack of hemorrhage at the lungs, which he found almost deprived him of the hope that he should ever be able to minister publicly in holy things; after all his toil for the accomplishment of this darling object. He was entirely given up by physicians and friends; and now the termination of all his labors seemed at hand. The academy which had been under his tuition in New Haven, was, (previous to his taking it,) deemed unmanageable; yet no difficulty did he ever encounter in its charge, although perfect order and government were strictly maintained, and he possessed in an extraordinary degree, the respect and affection of his pupils. As illustrative of this, the following anecdote is adduced. During his illness quite a number of young gentlemen from college were employed to instruct his charge, each of whom, the school *vi et armis*, expelled from the institution. The students were so solicitous for the return of their sick preceptor, who was now somewhat convalescent, that they left the academy with the last teacher still in the school room, and in a body marched to the house where Mr. Linsley boarded. A committee was appointed to enter, and request his appearance at the door. This solicitation was complied with, when to his astonishment there they all stood before his dwelling, with books, &c. under their arms, and unitedly interceded with their beloved tutor to

resume his charge over them; frankly acknowledging the fate all had met, since his illness, who had attempted the task, but engaging if *he* would only go down and instruct them as heretofore, they would conduct in such a manner as would not require the least care in government. Upon his alleging the miserable state of his health as an insuperable barrier, they replied by declaring their readiness to do any thing to aid or assist; he need only teach them,—should have no other care or trouble, and actually implored him to comply. It was with great reluctance that he was compelled by reason of the extreme weakness of his lungs, to decline positively their entreaties; upon which the young gentlemen, about forty in number, returned home with heavy spirits, declaring they would not enter the school again without him.

Physicians assured the subject of this work, that if he preached, it would most certainly be at the forfeit of his life. All thought of it, was therefore, for a while abandoned. The trustees of the academy above named, made him a handsome offer to remain in New Haven, but Mr. Linsley was under an engagement to take charge of that at New Canaan, for a period of three years. Thither he removed, the ensuing May. Here he commenced writing for the press, several lengthy articles. This practice he never subsequently discontinued. We make an extract from his diary at this place, as follows.

"New Canaan, September 19th, 1818. Have taken much satisfaction in reading the Scriptures—can truly say, blessed forever be the mighty God of Jacob—precious indeed has His

word appeared to me this day. I have read about three hundred verses in my Greek testament, more than two hundred verses in the French, twenty verses in my Hebrew Bible, and a number of chapters in English in the morning; universally enjoy the spirit of Scripture better to read it in the original languages, than English or French. Think I understand it better, and the truth makes deeper impression on my mind. O the height, the depth, the length and the breadth of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. How much he suffered to redeem such a sinful rebel as myself. May He in His great goodness, pass by all my sins, make me more zealous, spiritual and active in His blessed cause of truth and righteousness. My mind has been much dejected part of this day, in reflecting on the ill state of health of my dear companion. O that the Lord would grant her grace sufficient to induce her to trust in Him, and remove all these doubts and apprehensions which she suffers to dwell on her mind. Has now been absent at New Haven one week, and I long to see her. Very precious hast thou been unto me my dear wife. Hope and believe that the Lord has given me some sense of gratitude to Him, for bestowing on me so good a companion, both in a literary and religious point of view. Blessed be His name that He hath united us heart and hand, by the most endearing ties. I pray that it may please the Lord to restore her to health of body and mind, composed and relying on Him, knowing that the Lord not only knoweth them that are His, but He will raise them up at the last day, and has assured us that He does not willingly afflict

any of His children. May we be blessings to each other in all our journey through this life, and spend, (through the redeeming love of Jesus,) an eternity together in celebrating the praises of Jehovah."

The subjoined is taken from a letter bearing date Oct. 4, 1818.

"You have often heard me mention how extremely precious the 14th and 15th of John once appeared to me,—that they seemed to call me by name; 'Let not your heart be troubled,' &c. though as if spoken directly to my heart! I have just now read them over, in the Greek, which if possible is more striking and forcible than the English. It now seems as a cordial to my heart. I was obliged to stop and say, 'bless the Lord O my soul!' Blessed Jesus O how good, how glorious and how kind hast thou been unto me. To this day those appear something different, (though by no means discordant,) from all Scripture. I almost believe I shall sing those chapters to my blessed Jesus in Heaven. O my blessed Saviour "is mine, and I am His!" I have given myself to Him *unconditionally*. "He is the chief of ten thousand and one altogether lovely." I do love the Lord, and why ca'nt I always live and feel as I do now. Love my precious Saviour as much, delight in His word as much? O my dear wife, how much better *trials* and adversity are calculated to bring us to ourselves, than prosperity. True I have suffered no adversity, but the absence and ill health of my dear wife, but this is trying, and keeps me sober and more thoughtful, and disposes me to solitude."

During the three years passed in New Canaan, Mr. L. was attacked in repeated instances, with his former alarming complaint. Symptoms which almost infallibly announced the approach of the king of Terrors, appeared, but were not able even to depress the elasticity of his spirits, and in due time the Lord, "who seeth not as man seeth," raised him up for future usefulness. On the 26th of April, 1821, here moved to Stratford, and there established a select boarding school, the design of which was to prepare young gentlemen for College. In this latter village, he remained until summoned to enter "the City with foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God."

He preferred opening a family boarding school to taking charge of an academy; although at this time, he received solicitations to teach *five* of the latter, in as many different towns.

But alas! Mr. Linsley lost the ardor of his first love. That affection and devotion to his Saviour, which as he said had made him "tremble rejoicingly at His word," insensibly departed. In place of Him who had appeared for His chosen in the hour of his insupportable anguish and despair; that enemy of vital godliness, the World had come in as a desolating flood, and robbed him of his spirituality, and broken off his humble walk with God. But the infinitely faithful One, would not suffer him *quite* to depart. On the night of the 20th, Nov. 1826, he was aroused from his worldliness, as by a thunder bolt from the Almighty. The description of his exercise on this memorable night, we copy from his journal, where some time subsequently, he thus narrated them.

"I retired to bed, as I had done for months

before, without anything special on my mind—as cheerful—thoughtless and unmindful of a back slidden state, (I may almost say;) as though I had never known the consolations, enjoyments, and power of religion. I had for some time previous, maintained family prayer, and not unfrequently believed I found comfort in my closet, was not altogether insensible that I had lost my first love, occasionally groaned over my cold and stupid frame, but like a man with the palsy, found myself unable, or rather unwilling, to make that exertion to return, that was necessary, to overcome the World, the flesh, and the Devil. I cannot reproach myself with any immoral conduct, but with much that was *unchristian*; was desirous of the honors of this World, much engaged in politics, in verbal discussions upon the qualifications of candidates for office, and not unfrequently wrote for the public papers on political subjects. Nothing in this course, perhaps, that would be considered incompatible with religion; that is, by many professors, but I know by unhappy experience that there is nothing that a Christian can be left to do, that will more effectually destroy all vital godliness, and leave the poor soul with all the rounds of duty and cold hearted formality, than this very course. It saps the foundation of all religious comfort, and more especially when united with worldly associates, and the more moral these worldly associates are, the more the danger. As the mind is imperceptibly drawn or enticed and flattered, till nothing short of God's eternal electing love, can rescue the soul. The danger is more, because there is nothing extraordinary to excite alarm, no outbreak-

ing sins to shock the mind, and produce reflection. That man is in an awful state, who for one moment consoles himself that he is doing nothing immoral, in associating with the world, and therefore if he does not enjoy religion, he sees nothing in his course persued, why he should not. O! the *unutterable pangs* of repentance that must ensue to that soul, if he has, ever previously known by experience, what it is to love God. But to return: about 12 o'clock, I awoke in usual health and spirits, but being uncommonly wakeful, I was impressed with the idea that I now had a good opportunity for self examination. I commenced immediately,—began first to enquire wherein my life differed from my *most intimate associates*, who had never made any profession of religion; with some of whom I usually spent not less than three evenings every week, and frequently more; our conversation *never immoral and never religious.* Wherein then did I manifest any difference of heart, either towards God, or towards men? Alas this was a cord that would not bear a touch; it instantly gave way and down came all my hopes of Heaven.

"And like the baseless fabric of a vision, left not a wreck behind." In one instant the scene was changed, like the surprise of the eternal world, to the soul of the hypocrite, whose hope has perished like the spiders web. Sixteen years previous to this, I was eleven months in awful and doleful despair, believing that I had committed the unpardonable sin, at the period alluded to, and the mercy of God had permitted me "to believ, a lie that I might be damned." I say *mercy of God*, because had I still continued in that

state of despair, I must soon have died, and gone down to my everlasting home of darkness and eternal distress. But God in His kindness to a poor wretch, had allowed him for sixteen years to believe that Heaven was secured, and alleviated his bitter sufferings for that term of time, as the only possible comfort that even God could bestow on a *reprobate*, as I believed myself to be. "For it is impossible for those who have been once enlightened and tasted the Heavenly gift, and the power of the World to come &c. if they shall fall away, to renew them again to repentance," if they reject Christ, there is not, nor can there be, any other sacrifice for sin. O! it makes me tremble with horror to look back on those scenes of despair and darkness and awful hidings of God's face! It is what no human being can conceive, without passing through the same scene;—view himself given over of God—as beyond the power of God to save, even if He would, or had ever so much inclination to do so. When sleep approaches, view it as perhaps the last moment that the poor soul can ever enjoy one breath, without suffering the vengeance of eternal fire—to think one moment of the vials of the wrath of God being poured out without mixture, and suffering the additional torment of insulting devils and damned spirits without end! *without end!* Ah this was the keenest of all, that it was to be eternally! *eternally!* eternally!!—I did not immediately awaken my dear companion. Believing that I should soon go into a hectic fever, and that my only comfort would be from her *kindness*, *pity*, and *attention*; it behooved me while I lived, therefore, to consult here omfort

and as much as possible her *rest*, because her health was delicate, and unless favored, would fail immediately with my own. Not a suspicion entered my mind that she could possibly say one word to even shake my established opinion, that my day of grace was over. (I am thus particular, because these lines *may* at some time fall into the hands of some poor despairing soul like myself.) I think it scarcely possible for a man to be more positively certain than I was, that there could not be a ray of mercy for me. In the course of an hour, however, in consequence of my *writhing and groaning* in agony, my dear Sophia awaked, and enquired what was the matter? I replied that my hope was utterly gone! that I was a reprobate,—that the door of mercy was forever closed,—that I had sealed my damnation at a former period, as I had previously believed I had. She said she had never had a better hope of me than at this moment. She had often imagined I should be chastised for my worldly mindedness; that this was convincing proof to her, that the good work was begun. But the reasoning was like that which should endeavor to prove to me, that I was not in existence. I continued in this forlorn, disconsolate, and dreadful situation, until Friday evening—(this was Tuesday night.)

I had early resolved that I would pray as long as I lived, and that if I must go to Hell, I would go praying, and that my last breath should be to Jesus. I could not blame Him for my condemnation, because I had so often refused His mercy; but I frequently imagined my situation to be the result of God's determination, and that

for this very purpose He had raised me up, that He might show forth His power in me. My views were in many instances like Lord Newport's, only I had no inclination to sin against God—but sin was my greatest burden. I prayed to be free from sin, even though I must be damned, and sometimes prayed that if I must be lost, *I might have a little corner in Hell, where I could not sin against God.* I very much dreaded that any person around me should know of my state, because I conceived that their *pity* would only serve to aggravate my distress, but so powerfully did my despair press upon me, that I was compelled, (almost to avoid distraction;) to visit Rev. J. L. the clergyman of the Congregational church of this place, made known to him my situation, stated to him exactly my case. His design appeared to be to alarm me still more. I assured him, however, that his design was a misjudged one, that my distress was such that the body could hardly sustain the soul; a little more and the body would break. If he could offer any mercy, or point to any avenue for comfort—well; otherwise he must say nothing. (He is an excellent and spiritual man, but had recently been reading directions for the treatment of persons under conviction, which, though judicious in many instances, might in cases like mine, produce insanity, and even suicide; but where conviction had but just seized the mind, and nesessity required they should be more pungent; then alarm as much as possible. Wisdom is very profitable to direct in cases like this. No doubt thousands and thousands of souls, have been injured in consequence of injudicious advice. No man ought

ever to give advice to a convicted sinner who is not in a spiritual frame himself. A cold hearted backslider may theorise, but he ought to be extremely careful how he touches the Ark, lest some poor sinner may be ruined.

After some further conversation, Mr. L. prayed with me, and then stated what our excellent Mr. Fuller says. "Repent and do thy first works, means merely this. Come to Christ in the manner you came at first. If in despair at the first awakening, the probability is, you will be so after a backslidden state. To come to Christ you must come in the same way, go over the same ground." Here a doubt struck me whether this might not be the case with me, but scarcely a gleam of hope reached me. I made no remarks, but left him, with an urgent request that he and his wife would pray for me. In returning home, however, my burden, every step grew lighter, and when I arrived at my gate I felt no more hope that I was aware of, than I had previously done ; but I had lost all distress, felt tender hearted, and perfectly willing that God should do with me as he pleased—had a perfect confidence in Him, that He would do no injustice, and that if I were in Hell, I could not be unhappy with my present sensations. I stopped and hesitated with respect to my going in, said to my brother with me, my distress is gone entirely, I am happy but cannot tell what makes me so. I know not that I have any less occasion to be unhappy than I have had, and therefore dread extremely to go into the house, fearing that all my despair and anguish will again return on re-occupying the same scenery, but alas! there is no alter-

native, I must enter the house. A new ray of Heavenly light seemed to beam into my heart, and every step I advanced, was like entering more and more into the inner temple of holiness and love. I now found Jesus precious, extremely precious; I had known him before; he was, (if I may so speak,) an old acquaintance returned, after a long absence, but with two fold more interest and love.

"A rill, a stream, a torrent flow'd, and soon a mighty flood."

The happiness of that night can never be forgotten. I had as much of the blessed Spirit of God as the clay body could sustain: it appeared almost as if the heart-strings must break, and the soul fly away, and be at rest with God. I was for hours on the point of saying; "Lord, stay thine hand, it is enough," and the principal reason why I did not was, I imagined He knew best what was good for me, and besides, I had my doubts whether I should not sin, in manifesting an unwillingness to receive as much as God saw fit to give me. I then felt as Dr. Payson said a man feels when he is prepared to die! "He is not obliged to be crowded reluctantly along, but the other world comes like a great magnet to draw him away from this, and he begins to taste it, perfect happiness forever and ever—forever and ever!" And again, "it seems as if the soul disdained such a narrow prison, (as the body;) It seems as if my soul had found a pair of new wings, and was so eager to try them, that in her fluttering, she would rend the fine network of the body in pieces."

"The above language falls very far short of the true state of feeling which the soul enjoys when enraptured with the love of Jesus. All language fails. Nothing earthly can sufficiently delineate what is truly heavenly. When the soul in this frame looks at itself, at its deformities by sin, upon the odious nature of sin; it shrinks to nothing, and almost seeks a hiding-place from God. But when the eye of faith is raised to the infinite mercy of Jehovah, to His boundless goodness, and compassion, and then away to Calvary, to the infinite sufferings of Jesus;—then, then it is, that the soul leaps for joy, and longs, to be withJesus." Again Mr. Linsley says, "I have scarcely any thing to do with hopes, for what a man seeth, he can not hope for." Early on the evening of his release, it was impressed on his mind, to visit and pray with his neighbors, which he accordingly did, and found his labors blessed. He immediately appointed meetings in his house on Sabbath evenings for general conference, (on the *first* meeting an instance of awakening occurred,) and other evenings, for the members of the Congregational church. His house was soon crowded to overflowing. Again from his journal. "on Saturday evening a few professors met for prayers, and while assembled, I noticed five lads to come in, and sensible that they knew not what was our object, I turned to them, and addressed them individually by name, and made such remarks as appeared to me most expedient. Through the goodness and mercy of an indulgent God, four of the five were awakened, and afterwards manifested a hope in the Lord Jesus. Two have made a public profession, and adorn it by well ordered

lives and conversation. One was antecedently most remarkably depraved, delighted in the idea that he could sware more profanely than any man or lad, that he knew, is now sitting at the feet of Jesus. Thus the work of God prospered, and all endeavors for that end, appeared to be blessed. I soon found a few brethren who were willing generally, to accompany me in visiting and praying with my neighbors. The church as a body were dead. I was enabled to visit about forty families, in all of which, except two, I believe, I prayed. In no instance did I receive any unkind treatment, and I believe not an unkind word; universally requested to call again. In four families besides those mentioned, was one in each family awakened through the goodness of God, by my giving exhortations to them, and closing with prayer. Some were very interesting cases. But it was all the Lord's doing, and all the glory is due to Him. On many cold evenings, it was thought that from two hundred to two hundred and fifty attended at my house, at once. All attentive and solemn, and on many occasions we seemed to be, and to feel ourselves, all suspended between the two eternal worlds, and that it would soon be decided to which we should give our souls. Rev. Mr Linsley became very active and zealous, as did also his companion. We were occasionally favored with a visit from some brother, but the labor devolved principally on Mr Linsley himself. But the labor was sweet and delightful. It is glorious to spend and be spent in the blessed cause of Jesus, and for the rescuing of souls from the power of sin and satan.

As the fruits of special decent of the Spirit;

there were numbered between thirty and forty in the Congregational society, and between fifty and sixty in the Methodist; also two or three in the Episcopal. In all were calculated about eighty souls. But some of these subsequently went back and walked no more with the sons of God. Some were for months under deep and pungent convictions, and then alas! judged themselves unworthy of eternal life, by turning again to the beggarly elements of the World. Mr Linsley united by letter this year, with the New Haven Baptist church. Two of the young converts also joined the latter church. "Many more," Mr Linsley observes in his diary; "I have no doubt would join the church in New Haven, could they be instructed in all the truth, but as no part of my business is to proselyte to my particular sentiments, they must remain as they are, unless they come to me for information on that subject; in that case I shall feel it my duty to tell them my views of ordinances, and the subjects of ordinances. There is great danger of laying too much stress upon ordinances, and where these with any denomination, become the theme of general conversation in the meeting of Christians; then farewell to *vital active godliness*. If ten thousand revivals of religion are in the neighborhood, they will all cease where any thing but *religion*, *heart* religion, becomes the topic of conversation." He adds, "I am thus particular on this point, because I have been unjustly accused by some of my brethren, for not being more officious on the subject of ordinances among young converts. But I believe I have a consience void of offense towards God and man,

on this subject. Those of my brethren who know the most respecting it, fully accord with the course of conduct I have pursued. How much more, *vastly* more good might be effected by Christians, were Christ and the pure religion of the gospel, in which all who love God agree made the subject of conversations in all our private circles. O how much harmony and peace, love and fellowship I have enjoyed with my Congregational brethren, Methodist brethren, and occasionally with one Episcopal brother.

"Our views, our hopes, our aims were one,
Our comforts, and our cares."

"In no instance has there any thing been advanced in public, calculated to lessen our union, retard or detract from our fellowship."

About the twentieth of January, Mr Linsley was seized with a severe illness in consequence of going (in his visiting:) from very cold open houses, to those extremely warm. "These violent changes, repeated so often in the course of an evening, brought on the attack which led me to suppose my time on Earth, would be very short. My soul was kindled into rapture at the idea that I should soon be with my blessed Jesus. I think my mind was never in a more delightful frame, though racked with incessant pain. The soul seemed to anticipate in a high degree that rest which is prepared for the people of God. I had however for many weeks, enjoyed one uninterrupted, (I may almost say,) fulness of the love of Jesus. I frequently remarked to my friends that if the Lamb's book of life were let down to me, so that I could read my name there; I did not know that it would afford the least additional

evidence of my adoption into the family of God. I do not know that I have for most of the time during the past year, had any more doubts than if I had been in Heaven. I have truly felt the Spirit of God witnessing with my spirit, that I am a child of God. And most emphatically so, while in the daily expectation of departing soon to be with Christ. My physician however soon informed me, that my complaint was principally *rheumatic*. The remark struck me like a sore disappointment. Then thought I, I must come back again to the world. I felt that I had already gone a part of my journey, so that I could almost see the blessed city, and news had reached me that I must return. Knew, however, that God had a sovereign right to do with me as He pleased. I had repeatedly given myself to Him, and what right had I now, to have a wish contrary to His? I was not my own; besides I had been an unprofitable, slothful and wicked servant, and deserved nothing short of eternal banishment from the presence of the Lord. If God had work for me to do, how cheerfully ought I to spring to it, especially when reflecting on the great sacrifice Christ had made of His own body on the tree for me. This idea reconciled me. And the blessed state of mind which I long enjoyed, consisted in a *perfect willingness* that *God should do with me, in all respects as He chose*. If Heaven can ever be said to be enjoyed below, this frame of mind must constitute the principal part of the happiness. It melts down all the bad passions, it calms the soul into that *child-like*, *dove*, *like* temper, that all things are safe, well, because

'My Father's at the helm!'

The soul has no fear of hell—of punishment of any kind, for with this frame of mind hell would instantly be converted into heaven. 'Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty,' there is love, and there is heaven indeed. Christ is then truly precious; the chief of ten thousand and one altogether lovely."

"God has blessed me not only in a spiritual sense but in temporal things. This passage has truly been verified. 'Seek first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you.'"

In writing to his father, after speaking of his worldly affairs, he adds, "The praise is just as much due to God, as it would be if he had rained these blessings down to me without my lifting a finger. He endowed me with all my faculties, and put all these blessings in my way. How could a lad come to my school, if God did not send him? O, I think I daily feel this subject, and I delight to feel it; it does me good; it makes my heart love Him and rejoice in Him; but all the above is less than nothing and vanity in comparison to that blessed hope which he has given me, of enjoying an inheritance beyond the skies. Ah, this is something real, substantial, that will not fail. It requires no endorser, His bare word is sufficient guaranty that all will be fulfilled. In addition to this, He daily sends me the Comforter, even the Holy Ghost, to assure me of his love for me, and the certainty of His fulfilling all He has promised. Ah, there is my treasure, the delight of my soul, and as Bunyan says, "it makes my eyes water to think of it."

In August of this year, Mr. L. again lamed his knee by a fall. This accident confined him for a

number of months. This instance of illness appeared to him a trial, as it frustrated his plans of active usefulness, but he says, "God had otherwise determined, and I trust with prayer, I felt submissive to His will." It was, as he said, "no trifle to provide for a family of sixteen persons in addition to the instructive part." Then in addition, "I have a vast deal of writing to do; sometimes four or five letters in a day, to almost as many states, and perhaps quite." But we find him now improving the moments not absolutely demanded by his other pursuits, in addressing letters of alarm and admonition to his relatives and friends.

The following to a Sister.

"Where is my dear sister E? Is it the greatest desire of her heart, that God should be glorified? Does she love Jesus because He is altogether lovely, and perfectly holy? or does she love Him because she hopes He will save her? Do you enjoy religion? I fancy you will answer, "not as well as I could wish." What is the matter? has not Christ grace enough to give? Has not the Holy Ghost cheering, comforting influences enough to warm your cold heart? or is it because so many require His aid; that there is not enough for all? What saith the scripture, "He that is athirst, let him come and take of the water of life *freely*." Of course as much as you will. Then the difficulty is not in God. Alas, we poor beggarly mortals do not beg hard enough.

"I trust through boundless mercy, a number will have occasion to bless Jesus that He sent me here. To God be all the glory; t was His work. I intend to make the same efforts this win-

ter, (Providence permitting) and if I have faith, God will make the same results, for He can, with a worm thresh the mountains. He can speak through clay, and no thanks to the clay either. Please remember me to your kind husband, and request him to reflect on what will probably be his situation when he has done gasping in death, and his soul shall stand before the bar of God! Ask him if he is prepared for that scene? If he says no, ask him when he intends to be?"

The following was addressed to one who was his most intimate associate, at the time of his religious declension and subsequent despair, mentioned in the preceding pages.

"STRATFORD, Oct. 15th, 1827.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

As you are soon about to leave us for some months at least, and as life is so uncertain, I feel impressed with the duty of making some remarks to you, which I presume to hope will be received with that friendship which has always characterized your conduct towards me. I have ever felt an uncommon friendship for you since our first acquaintance, and I believe you were the first whom I addressed on the subject of religion after the deep impression made on my own mind, last November. I felt then and still feel, as though I could not give you up to be lost forever! A man who is not surpassed for amiable qualities. My dear sir, you thought me last winter to be wild, enthusiastic, and visionary; and I doubt not but you flattered yourself that it would all wear off, and I should soon become as fond of politics, and *as silent* on the subject of religion as ever,

but (μὲ λένοιτο) God forbid, that I should ever again so lose sight of the blessed subject of religion. Not that I conceive a due attention to the political interests of our nation and country, incompatible with true religion, but what I mean is, that I think it inconsistent with true religion for a professor to be so involved in any worldly pursuit as not always in all company to manifest by his conduct and conversation, that he esteems the religion of the gospel as his principal object, that every thing else should be secondary to this. I addressed you a line the other evening that I was alone, and requested the favor of your company. My design was to address you affectionately on the subject. You came late, with company, and did not therefore in the few moments you stayed, afford me any opportunity to make known my business. I made the same request again the other morning in the street, and have waited until I have despaired of the pleasure of such an interview. I therefore beg you will excuse me, for troubling you with this long epistle, as I am unable to walk any distance without crutches and a good deal of pain.

"Without further preface, or apology then, my dear friend, suffer me to inquire, what you really believe your situation would be before God, should you now be arraigned before His bar? Do you really rejoice in the progress of the gospel of our Lord? Are you delighted when you read, or hear, of the conversion, of the heathen to God?

"These are questions that I earnestly solicit you to answer to your own mind, in cool, calm reflection, by yourself before God. . . . . .

"If you love a friend, you will love his prosperity, in short every thing that promotes his happiness. It will grieve you to learn that he has any enemies, and you will improve every possible opportunity to reclaim those enemies and make them think well of your friend. Therefore allow me to say again: *do you love Christ?* his children? his cause? Does it grieve you to hear Him, His church, or His family reviled? O my dear friend do you not rather rejoice, when you hear that He has *deserters?*

"Is not the case then actually decided in your own mind, on which side you stand? This being established, what must be the result of this course to your soul? I would inquire whether Christ would so constantly draw the line of demarkation between His friends and His enemies—almost constantly speaking of the happiness and glory that await the righteous, and equally so of the misery and torment that inevitably result to His enemies, if the latter were equally safe with the former? . . . .

"I beg you to pardon my plainness of speech. I think I can give no offense to a man of your discernment, as you must perceive I can have no motive but your eternal good. I beseech you not to suffer these remarks to 'appear as one that mocks, to his friend.' I do assure you that as certain as there is a God, unless you are born again, you will perish forever! I write this believing that I shall meet you at the judgment seat of Christ. I love you, and have the most tender regard for your happiness. May God, with His blessed Spirit, reach your heart, is the sincere prayer of your affectionate friend.

J. H. LINSLEY."

A few weeks subsequent to penning the above Mr. Linsley was seized with a high fever, and completely prostrated. In the record of this illness, we find the annexed. "Though I was by no means tired of life, yet the idea always makes my heart leap for joy, that there is a prospect of going home to my Heavenly Father. O what sweet peace my soul enjoyed in the anticipation of a departure." These joyful emotions were amply evident to all who approached his happy bedside. No wonder he had such views of life as the following: (and it may well be inquired, whether if all the disciples of Jesus, lived in the manner he had, for these last few months; there would not be less reason to doubt who are the sons and daughters of consolation, even in the life that now is.) "I know it is through much tribulation, that we enter into rest; still I am persuaded that in this enlightened age, when we really suffer comparatively nothing from persecution; that if there be no resurrection we are not of all men most miserable; but religion imparts such comfort to the possessor, that we, in this life, are in fact the only people who enjoy this world, as well as the glorious anticipation of an hereafter. With the apostles and early Christians, *suffering* for the cause of truth, was the inevitable concomitant of the profession of Jesus."

We find Mr. Linsley in the year 1828, much interested in the *conferences of the churches*, as they were termed. These meetings were often the commencement of revivals, in towns where they assembled. He was repeatedly appointed a delegate from the Congregational church at Stratford, and on one occasion in which twenty-eight

churches were represented, he was unanimously appointed chairman, although no other individual of his denomination was known to be present. Addressing the impenitent at one time, when a great number were assembled, and feeling deeply the responsibility of so doing, he observes, "O how cheerful could I have laid down my life for their salvation. I felt that the Lord was with me of a truth."

He was so fully convinced of the beneficial effects of these meetings, that he occasioned their introduction among the Baptist churches, and was chairman of their first two conferences. They were there also, attended by the Divine blessing.

The following is the first instance of his attempting to preach, 1828, July 6th. "This day at New Haven my pastor being sick, requested me to go into the pulpit. I did so and took all the exercises upon myself, before a full house. Attempting to preach from Ps. 119th, 59: Enjoyed a comfortable season. This is my first effort from the pulpit on the Sabbath. May the Lord raise with power, that which has been sown in weakness. I am much at a loss to know my duty with regard to preaching. I pray that God would direct me, afford me health, strength and wisdom, and make me do all that He requires of me. Think I would discharge my duty, could I ascertain what it is."

"July 20th.—Attempted again this day to preach, by invitation from Rev. A. B. in his church at Stratford. Enjoyed a better season than usual, especially in prayer. Audience were attentive and solemn. O what an awful responsi-

bility to stand and plead with sinners, and entreat them in the name of Christ to be reconciled to God."

Rev. J. L. already alluded to, as pastor of the Congregational church, having left his charge in Stratford, and removed to New York, Mr. Linsley was appointed by the church one of the committee to call a clergyman to supply his place. While the society was thus destitute all the meetings devolved upon the subject of this memoir. On the Sabbath he usually read sermons of his own selection, made the prayers, gave out the hymns &c. In the evening, conducted the conferences, at which the attendance was remarkably full. "The academy was filled every Sunday evening, and perfect silence, both in, and out of doors." He speaks at this time of being unceasingly employed, from rising in the morning, until ten at night; although he had been unable to adopt an entirely recumbent posture, or to rest on his left side, for a period of ten years, owing to his previous attacks of hemorrhage, and was afflicted in other respects with "many infirmities."

It pleased Providence further to afflict him, by the removal of his father, whose decease took place on the 23d of November.

At the commencement of the next year 1829, after mentioning his prosperity in pecuniary matters, and that thus ability was afforded, to contribute liberally to the treasury of the Lord; he relates an anecdote which had occurred the preceding May, in connexion with this subject. This we subjoin.

"I was informed by a gentleman, while in

New York, that he thought it expedient to remove two wards of his, who had been under my care and instruction, for three years past, and paid me $450 a year. He had no complaints to make, but believed it a good plan to change, and try different schools. Upon this information, I was impressed with the idea immediately, that I must then stop my benevolent efforts. That if $450 annual income should be removed, I could no longer be able to contribute as I had done, to the cause of the Redeemer, and must indeed relinquish giving even a dollar, that I could avoid. I had the day previous, engaged two other lads from the city, in different families, to come up with me and enter my school, but this did not remove my difficulties, because they were to take the places of others, who had gone into business. I called soon after on one of them, and was informed that the parents had concluded not to send him. This was still more distressing, and went further to establish my decision, I immediately called on the other, and found the same determination there, though they had not seen each other—were strangers. This drove me to my room to seek the Lord, and as I fell on my knees, I at once saw that I was Uzza like steadying the ark; that God manages all things for the best, and that I must do my duty at all events, and leave the issue entirely to Him. I cried out, Lord I will try to do my duty, and try to trust all things to thee, O help me so to do.

"In the evening of that day, or the morning of the next, I called on the same families again, and they had both changed their minds, and concluded to send their sons up with me; and what

may still more show the goodness of God, the other lads remained with me until this winter. I may well set up my Ebenezer, and say hitherto the Lord hath helped me. These lads were of much importance to me. The above appeared to me, almost a miracle of Divine Providence, to manifest my duty, and assure me that He could provide a lamb for sacrifice."

Besides the Sabbath day exercises, Mr. L. now preached every Sabbath evening a sermon of his own to two or three hundred people, and nearly every evening visited from two to four or five families, exhorted them all individually to repentance, and concluded with prayer. In the mean time taught daily in his school, Greek, Latin, French, English, Mathematics, &c. In a letter addressed to his beloved mother, after mentioning his labors, and the state of his health, he adds;

"The Lord is good, infinitely good, and grants me ten thousand mercies, I have every thing for my comfort. But what is more than all, I believe I have the smiles, and the witnessing of the Spirit; Ah this is something worth talking of, this is my theme, and my joy! Glory to the blessed Jesus, I believe that through rich grace I shall conquer, and enter into eternal rest."

"I would willingly lay down my life, provided I could be a means of salvation to the soul of any of my dear mother's family."

Journal, "May 23d.—From the two families, who hesitated in sending each one a son, I now have four sons, and two from the other. What abundant proof have I, that the Lord reigns. In

spirit and in truth, may I always worship Him here, and glorify Him hereafter.

"October 15th.—Went to New Haven with a hope to here Rev. B. M. H. preach; but he was absent, and by urgent request, I preached for him all day. Enjoyed a good day, and sustained no injury whatever. This circumstance of receiving no injury, increased my anxiety to know my duty, with regard to preaching constantly. Have long been troubled on this subject, but always conceived that my lungs were so defective, or liable to injury from frequent hemorrhages, that I have remained tolerably satisfied that my sphere of usefulness did not extend beyond conference meetings, prayer meetings, and occasionally like the present, to aid a church in the absence of a minister. But after much prayer, and desire to know what to do on this subject, am still in doubt, as my health is not otherwise good. . . . . All these things together conspire to keep me a school teacher.

"May the Lord lead me to discharge my duty in all things, as he would have me, O that I knew His mind and will, and that He would grant me grace to discharge all the obligations that devolve upon me, without consulting or conferring with flesh and blood.

"1830, April 12th.—I have in some measure lost my zeal and engagedness in the glorious cause of truth and righteousness, and need quickening. While I was at prayer in my family and making use of the expression, "a fearful looking for of judgment &c;" the thought came over me like the cloud of death, that this was my own case. It distressed me exceedingly, and I arose

and mentioned to my dear wife, that my hope was gone again. I was in dreadful darkness, and began to believe that I had never known the truth, and that all my assurance for years past was a delusion! O the infinite horrors of despair! 'Ye have taken away my God, and what have I more?' It was a great mystery to me, how I could have had such Heavenly consolations and for years scarcely a doubt on my mind, with regard to my spiritually good estate, through the rich mercy of Jesus; and now in such a dreadful state. I lay wakeful most of the night in great distress and darkness, looking back almost incessantly to the dreadful night which I passed near Harper's Ferry twenty years ago.

"April 13th.—No relief, I called in two of my dear brethren of the Congregational church here. They came and spent the evening with me. We prayed and sung all of us, but no relief. My little daughter cried out in the night, 'my dear pa, are you no better?' It distressed me to find my dear child so exercised with my situation, that I determined to examine all the evidences over again respecting my case. I imagined myself lying utterly helpless like a man on whom a house or chimney has fallen, with no friend near to even remove an ounce of its weight. I found I had taken it for granted without looking sufficiently at both sides, that I was a reprobate, and all this from only one day's experience; while I had been on the Christian journey for about twenty years, and yet I had rejected twenty years experience of the love of God shed abroad in my heart, to *one day's* darkness, and while I was musing, the fire burned. The load was removed

from off me, and I was again set at liberty, and my feet in a large place. So that I may say, 'a night and a day, I have been in the deep.' I lay awake about three or four hours in holy rapture, holy love to God, praying and singing and delighting to glorify God.

"April 14th.—Rapture of soul, and heart swelling with the most delightful emotions of gratitude and praise to God, for His inestimable gift, His blessed Son our Saviour, O how glorious he appears! In my closet, I felt that God was there of a truth; the room was full of the holy love of Prince Immanuel. The spirit of God seemed to fill the room where I was sitting. I think I never felt that absolute loathing of self and every thing connected with self; as on this occasion, O it is no wonder that saints and angels fall down before Him and cry holy, holy Lord God Almighty. Just and true are thy ways, thou King of Saints. I can now with all my soul say before God, when there is no created ear to hear, but my own, 'Lord thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee.'"

"O is it possible that I can ever doubt again? when I now so manifestly sit alone with the holy of holies? He is all around me,—He fills my soul,—He occupies every place there, and in the room where I contemplate His love. O simple weak and distrusting soul, wherefore didst thou doubt."

"This evening my brother U. whom I love in the Lord, came in and rejoiced, and praised God with me, and my dearly beloved companion. I have great reason for gratitude and praise to God that He has given me a companion who knows

what these things mean. She has been a great source of comfort to me in my despairing moments; has furnished examples of spiritual persons who suffered in despair similar to myself, and this has had a tendency to furnish me some hope in the midst of darkness; though the impression on the mind is generally, that they were in some respects different, so that they could be saved and I lost.

"April 18th.—Preached in the academy to a full house of young people. Enjoyed great liberty, and it was a solemn season apparently to most of those present. May the good Lord add His blessing.

"April 25th.—Preached all day at North Haven, under a solemn sense of the presence of God.

"May 2d.—At Northford the Congregational church of the seceeding society, politely offered their house, where I preached all day, and to a very solemn assembly, where those who love God, were weeping with joy in the Saviour, and others very attentive. A few sisters in the Lord as well as my own sisters, and dearly beloved mother; met at noon, to pray for the preaching, that it might be effectual to the salvation of those who hear. May the good Lord bless them in their own souls, and hear their prayers for perishing sinners.

"June 20th.—Went to hear Rev. E. C. at Stratfield. Found on arrival that he was sick, and that I must paeach, though I strove in vain to have the brethren exercise their gifts."

Mr. Linsley became much engaged this year in the cause of temperance. He delivered several addresses to crowded houses; was appointed

President of the newly organized society, which rapidly increased, and labored altogether, with his usual whole hearted zeal. *Then* this glorious reformation was in its infancy, and to stand out as one of its pioneers, in the midst of prevailing darkness and opposition, was, as is well known; a vastly different matter from being one of the million who now swell its proud ranks, when science and religion, the church and the world, have lent the weight of their influence, encouragement, and applause. *Now*, in these days of light, it is very justly esteemed a disgrace not to become its advocate; *then* to avow himself as such, an individual was quite sure to incur hatred and odium. One evening during the absence of Mr. L. from the village, a party after much previous preparation assembled on a hill in the centre of the town, where a large fire was built, and having dressed a complete effigy, adopting as far as practicable in the costume, a similarity to the usual appearance of Mr. L. they brought it on a bier to the spot, and then consumed it with suitable orgies. After the conclusion of the ceremony, the bier was again in requisition to carry home one or two of the leaders in the laudable enterprise; they having become so far disabled by intoxication as to be entirely deprived of the power to proceed otherwise. Mr. Linsley was one of the first clergymen in the State, who sent on his name as a subscriber to the total abstinence pledge.

The Autumn of this year 1830, was a trying season to him, Mrs. Linsley was attacked with a hemorrhage from the lungs, succeeded by a violent fever, which brought her to the verge of

the grave, and as she was slowly recovering, it pleased Divine Providence to afflict them further by the removal from earth, of her highly esteemed father, Col. Wm. Lyon of New Haven.

Finding his health so far established, and not having been visited with a recurrence of his old complaint the hemorrhage at the lungs, for a period of so many years; Mr. L. now felt much exercised on the subject of preaching. With respect to his duty in the case, he soon came to a determination, and accordingly hired a store in Stratford at the lower wharf, a place which was at the time in question, complete "missionary ground." This house he fitted up at his own expense, removed all the partitions, seated it and erected a speaker's desk. He commenced preaching on the evening of Jan. 8th, 1831. In anticipating this new plan, we find the following record penned by him a few days previous, and which makes manifest the secret spring of these efforts.

"My soul verily yearns over poor perishing sinners, and longs to do some good to them. O Lord grant me wisdom to direct me in this arduous undertaking. It is missionary ground, and who knows but our blessed Saviour has good in store, for this benighted people. Lord save them, or they perish!

"January 9th.—Last evening our meeting was opened at the wharf at M's tavern. He has probably not been into a meeting house in eight or ten years, but appeared pleased with the meeting. My subject was, "he that will save his life shall lose it, and he that will lose his life &c." The room was full, and consisted of Congrega-

tionalists, Methodists, Episcopalians and Baptists. One of each took a part. This day [Sunday,] I have preached twice in the same house, and though so stormy that only nine men attended the Episcopal church, and no church in the afternoon, the Congregational church had but thirteen present in the forenoon, (P. M. not known) still I had more than twenty hearers in the forenoon, and more than thirty in the afternoon. I enjoyed an unusually happy season all day—felt that God was truly present by his blessed Spirit. It affords me conclusive evidence that the Lord will bless this undertaking. In the other part of the house resides a *professed* Atheist, with a numerous family, and extremely hostile to religion; but this morning, sent in a few of his younger children, and in the afternoon it is believed all his children at home were present. I pray the Lord to reach his heart, and make him and his family willing subjects of His grace. Heard that a store which has been occupied by drunkards and gamblers, was to be rented for a meeting, I applied for it and succeeded in hiring it. It is more surprising that it could be obtained, as the man is a Universalist—never attends public worship, and obtains his living by selling intoxicating liquors to those who will chiefly constitute my hearers. This circumstance alone appears almost miraculous. The Lord reigns, let the earth rejoice."

"January 20th.—This evening visited a poor man believed to be near his end with consumption; exercised with great pain. Says he 'has committed a great many sins.' Appeared somewhat anxious for his soul, but is undoubtedly

very ignorant of the plan of salvation. I gave him all the instruction I could, but it appeared to be an awful and almost hopeless case. After I prayed with him he appeared more anxious, and when I assured him that I should continue to pray for him, he replied with great apparent feeling, 'O do pray,' and then exclaimed, 'Lord have mercy on my soul.'

"From him I went to see a poor woman apparently near her end, with a similar complaint. She has heretofore felt that she had never injured any person, and therefore was not a sinner. She now says she is not prepared for death, and that she cannot say she is. She wants religion. Desired me to pray with her and after prayer appeared in a most profuse perspiration. Her mind is evidently troubled, but whether it is any thing like real conviction is doubtful.

"I also visited another sick woman whose case is very peculiar. Was first attacked with rheumatism in her limbs, and as this complaint subsided, she became deranged and has now become perfectly frantic. Her case is as melancholy as it is extraordinary. She has been a professor of religion for a number of years, but unhappily has afforded very little evidence that she knows any thing of the subject experimentally.

"23d.—Last night had a good meeting at the wharf, and this day have preached twice in my new place of worship, to a solemn and very attentive audience of nearly fifty hearers, who had come through the drifting snow and extreme cold, to hear the word. Enjoyed a good season all day. In addition to speaking all day, have

also to sing on every occasion, as there is no BASS with me. This increases my labors much, but the Lord in His mercy gives me strength equal to my day. O that it may please Him to pour out His blessed Spirit here, and convert this hardened and unbelieving audience, to the knowledge of the truth.

"The church in New Haven of which I am a member, during the past week have kindly sent me a license to preach the gospel; with kind sentiments of love and esteem, for one so unworthy of the esteem of any thing. I have so much sin, such a propensity to evil, so little spirituality; that if my wicked heart could be viewed by them, they would see and feel that I need, infinitely need, their prayers and the assistance of God's grace. I have taken an awful responsibility upon myself to stand between the dead and the living, and beg the Lord to spare, O spare thy people and those whom thou hast ordained unto eternal life. I implore thy mercy on those that may sit under my ministry. Lord hasten the time when thou shalt bring them to the knowledge and acknowledgment of the truth, as it is in Jesus. To this end, anoint me, my dear Saviour, with a fresh unction of thy Holy Spirit. Lord touch my lips as with a live coal from off the altar of divine mercy.

"I do now as I hope in thy fear, unreservedly, dedicate myself to thy service and worship. I would make no reservation, soul and body, wife and children, all that I have and am, I freely dedicate to thee and to be thine forever. It is but a poor lame sacrifice, but I pray thee Lord to accept it for thy dear Son's sake. Amen.

"January 25th. It always makes me tremble to read my experience, and casts a gloom over my mind that takes some days to remove. When I look at the tremendous scenes of that night in Maryland, it shakes my hope sometimes more and sometimes less. It does not take away my hope, but when I remember the wormwood and the gall, it makes my heart misgive. O Lord grant faith—more faith in thee. Let not my soul be cast down within me, but let my mind be stayed on thee, realizing that thy precious blood cleanses from all sin. I know that thou canst save to the uttermost, them that come to God by thee. And Lord have I not come to thee by the powerful influence of thy grace. Thou art indeed precious to my fainting soul. Thou hast shown me in a multitude of instances, that I am thine. But a poor distrusting wretched heart I have, to doubt His love to me.

"Leave me not to these distrusting, wicked doubts and fears, but shine upon me, O shine upon me from on high. Let not the wicked *accuser* of the brethren cast me down, but I will lie at thy feet and leave all these things with my blessed Saviour. He is precious to me, yes indeed He is precious, the chief of ten thousand and one altogether lovely. If I do not love Him, there is nothing on earth that I do love.

"But Satan would tempt my mind to believe at times, that I sealed my damnation on that dreadful night. However the very fact that He *tempted* my mind, to choose Hell instead of Heaven, after I had been crying for mercy, and after the withdrawal of the Saviour; shows evidently that I had not already chosen Hell, be-

cause if so, why does He again tempt me to do so, as he then did? Bless God for this thought, I only felt myself too great a sinner to accept the first and second offer, and do not recollect of actually refusing the third time; but God left me to darkness and despair for my neglect in accepting His offers, as He requested me, glory be to His name, He had mercy for me, and he waits long to be gracious, not willing that any should perish, and by His infinite love He has drawn me to Him, and He may say as He did to His disciples; ye have not chosen me, but I have *chosen you*, and ordained you to eternal life, O let me doubt no more, since He has given me so many proofs of His love.

"28th January.—A good deal exercised last night with doubts and fears, fearing that I should one day be slain by the hand of Saul, but this morning was broken and brought into sweet submission, after reading in Ezekiel, that notwithstanding God's abhorrence and indignation against the Jews for their impiety, yet when Ezekiel fell on his face and enquired, O Lord wilt thou destroy the whole house of Israel? the Lord replied in infinite compassion, that those who mourned over the desolations of Zion, should be spared, and the Lord would be a sanctuary unto them. Ah yes, God has a people, and he will indeed be a sanctuary unto them.

"It is also very interesting to reflect on the writer with the ink horn by his side, who marked the people of God in their foreheads. No destroying angel should touch them. May eternal glory be rendered unto the Lord, for this one indication of His love for His people. Who are

His people? They who are sighing and crying for their sins, who are weary and heavy laden, who love God and love His cause, and long and hope and pray for the salvation of their fellow men. Their heart's desire and prayer to God is, Lord open the eyes, unstop the ears, and soften the hearts of poor perishing sinners. They are those whose minds are stayed on God, whose thoughts and affections are above, who rejoice not in iniquity, but rejoice in the truth. Lord glorify thou thyself, and save us by thy grace through the merits of thy Son Jesus Christ.

"January 30th.—Last evening had a most interesting meeting in my school room. Ten men came in, who are most of them unaccustomed to attend meetings any where. They have most of them become my hearers on the Sabbath, but as they were not invited to come to this meeting, and have neither of them ever been before, my feelings on seeing them come in, were very much excited, and it was one of the most solemn meetings I have witnessed in three or four years. I felt to loathe and abhor myself in dust and ashes; but in God I felt I had strength. My love for Him and His cause was such, as no mortal could feel, who was unacquainted with the sanctifying influences of His blessed Spirit. O I do love my blessed Jesus! He is truly to my soul altogether lovely. All God's children who were present this evening, appeared to feel their strength renewed, and to entertain strong hopes that God is about to commence a work of grace among my Sabbath hearers. I have therefore this evening appointed a meeting on Wednesday evening on the wharf. Such a step would probably once have been considered

madness, and the house might probably have been stoned, and resulted in a scene of confusion and riot; but I feel that the cause is the Lord's, that He, so far, owns and blesses it. I have no fears with such a captain of my salvation.

"This day had more than fifty hearers, as I am informed by those who counted. The meeting was very solemn all day. Tears flowed profusely from many eyes, O my dear Jesus send down thy blessed Spirit and commence a glorious work, a revival that shall result in the salvation of many, many souls.

"February 2d.—This evening held meeting in the store on the wharf which was crowded at an early hour. I addressed them from Luke 17: 17, &c. respecting the *lepers*. Had my usual freedom, but had little or no feeling. Not a single *professor* of religion present, except one female.

"I endeavored to represent the soul of man all defiled with the leprosy of sin, and to point my hearers to Jesus with the supplication of, 'Jesus thou Son of David, have mercy on us.' But when I left the house to come home, I groaned the whole way, to reflect how little feeling I had enjoyed in the midst of that listening, silent, and extremely attentive audience! O if I appeared to them as I do to myself, they would all laugh me to scorn, and would never listen again, O, I pray my dear Heavenly Father, to convert them by His mighty power.

"February 6th.—Sabbath. Had a very comfortable day, and I endeavored to preach the truth respecting the new birth, and to illustrate this important truth, without courting the favor of men. Lord lead the audience to know experi-

mentally what it is to enjoy the benefits of this moral change.

"10th.—Appointed singing school in my school room for last night, which was well attended; for the purpose of improving the singing at the Wharf. Unfortunately I sung so much and so loud to aid them, that I fear I have again ruptured my lungs: much pain and weakness there. O how easily God can blast all my prospects of usefulness to these poor perishing sinners, and to leave them to perish forever, or raise up help from another quarter, or perform all His own work, without the use of means. The Lord is a Soverign, and I think I rejoice in the idea. I know that if He has any work for me to do, as I confidently believe He has; He will provide all the health, and all the means to accomplish that work. I pray that I may always be found at the footstool, waiting and willing to stand still and see the salvation of God, to give all my time, talents, body and soul to the labor, toil, crosses, persecutions, revilings, and duties of the ministry whereunto I trust I have been called. I have now, I conceive, a rejoicing consolation of soul in being willing to be any thing or nothing just as my dear Jesus would make me. But if it can be consistent with His purposes, for me to be actively engaged, zealous, and savingly useful to my fellow men; I think I shall rejoice in it.

"February 14th.—Yesterday morning and night before last, I was very much assailed with doubts and fears respecting my spiritual state. At times almost gave up my hope. It appeared very doubtful whether I had not refused my Sav-

ior on that dreadful night in Maryland, and that these forebodings which so dreadfully assail me, constitute what the apostle to the Hebrews, denominates, that fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversary. Felt that I must preach, and a determination that I would strive to save others, though I should be lost myself. Then the idea of Dives's anxiety for his brethren, even though he was in hell, would come up. I cried to the Lord for deliverance, but all in vain. I felt it right in God thus to leave me to the buffetings of Satan, that I might know my place, in *the dust*. Ah I am such a rebellious, refractory, proud, self-sufficient child, that I need something daily, to keep me humble. I opened my meeting at the wharf as usual yesterday, but in darkness, though I was in liberty during most of the exercises. Preached from 1 Chronicles 28: 9. Was in darkness as soon as the meeting closed; continued so during the intermission; but while engaged in the first prayer in the afternoon, my proud heart was broken. I was melted down to the foot of the cross. Jesus was my Saviour; I knew it and felt it in my soul. Had a very crowded room, between seventy and eighty as was said, in a room about eleven by eighteen feet. Very solemn and attentive. I endeavored to show them the great passover Christ; Jesus the great Antitype of the Jewish passover. It appears while those dark hours hang over me, as though it were impossible for me ever to be saved; as though I could live but a short time; as though my time had already come. My eyes are opened to see it,—God has done with me,—my doom is fixed and cannot

be changed. God is a Being of infinite love and mercy, but He cannot save me because I have refused Him. O I exclaim was there ever a case like mine, in which a soul loved God,—rejoiced in Him—more desirous for His glory than for any earthly good—living for years in the enjoyment of His love, and no more doubt of my adoption than of my existence; and yet after twenty years, ascertain that I have no part or lot in the matter, and *never can have?* Was there ever such a case before? I answer that I cannot tell, but perhaps Cowper was like me. And perhaps others that I do not know. Alas! a wounded spirit who can bear? I returned home from meeting, rejoicing in my Saviour: all doubts and fears removed. When I am in darkness, I cannot *realize* at all how I now feel, but there appears to be a false coloring given then, to all my previous enjoyment in God. It looks in darkness, like delusion,—like a false peace. Now it looks like the Holy Spirit let down to men,—like a great mantle of holy love that seems to cover me, and shield me from all the fiery darts of the wicked. My heart swells with love to Him, not because He has, or will save me from distress, but a love that would make me happy in the flames. Ah it could not be hell, if Christ were with me, as He is now and at other times. It would be as it was with the children in the furnace of Nebuchadnezzar; the garments did not smell of fire, because one like the Son of God was with them, and defended them. Now while Jesus is with me, I could go to prison and to death with perfect cheerfulness. And yet if He withdraw the light of His countenance one moment, I cry out

with Peter, 'Lord save me, or I perish.' I feel just like a little child just beginning to walk, and can hobble along as delighted and pleased as the little child, but the moment I find the sustaining hand gone, I drop down and cry! O how much I am indebted to grace, was there ever, O was there ever such a poor sickly halting child as I am? O Lord lead me, guide me, sustain me, and have all the glory and all the praise, for the salvation of one so unworthy, so useless, so sinful, so doubting, so unbelieving. But my dear Saviour I trust I do now feel willing to be left alone, if it is thy will, and to walk in darkness and see no light, if thou seest it necessary for me, I know I need chastisement, and it seems that none humbles me, like the hiding of thy blessed face. Only give me faith to believe thou will return and cheer my heart again, and then Lord I can remain alone.

"Why can I not put something on this paper now, that will cheer me, in the dark? Something that can show me then, that I am not deceived. Lord thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee now. Only make me willing to be anything, or nothing, or less than nothing, and more anxious to glorify my heavenly father. Oh I will cheerfully and with all my heart, leave it all with thee forever, Amen."

Deeming that the following letter, strikingly depicts the conflicts and dangers, attending the Christian course, while it holds out at the same time, the sweet encouragements of the gospel; we subjoin it, as follows.

"STRATFORD, February 15th, 1831.

"DEAR SISTER,

I have but a few moments to write, and that indeed in my school, with my pupils all around me, but I feel desirous to strive to arouse my dear sisters, to more holy living. I would not be understood to reprove, for prehaps you live nearer to God than I do myself, but still I know there is room for a closer, and a closer walk with God. My dear sister, we cannot stand still a moment, we are either advancing or in a retrograde motion constantly, and as the flesh, and the world and the adversary are all combined to drag downward, we are like the boatman who is rowing against wind and tide. If he slacks one instant, it will take him a long time to regain what he lost. The longer I live, the more and more I think I discover the exposure of the Christian, to the shafts that are flying. The *young convert* is almost totally ignorant of the World he inhabits. He seems to think of nothing but good frames and feelings; all is smooth and nothing to do but sit still in the boat and look and gaze at the delightful scenery around him; but when storms and tempests arise, he finds he is hedged in among rocks and quicksands without sun, or stars, without oars, or compass. Then he cries out, 'O what a poor deceived creature, I have been,' and says 'it was not the sun that I saw, it was not the shore, Ah it was all delusion, all imagination!' Cries out with David, alas! I shall one day be slain by the hand of Saul. Now comes the conflict, and a conflict too that none know anything of, but those whom God has anointed to be kings in all His holy hill of Zion.

Now if God has anointed them for His kingdom, no matter how much power Saul has, nor how much David may be hunted like a partridge in the mountains. God will deliver him at last, and Saul must grow weaker and weaker. Go on my sister, look upward, and let your motto constantly be *onward*, *onward*, *onward*, through evil and through good report. I should like to dwell on this subject, and write all day, but I am constantly interrupted, even two or three times, in two last lines; and something of a pain in my breast, and must hasten to a close. I could tell you of darkness and of conflicts, that would almost make you shudder. Last Saturday night and Sunday morning, I was in despair for sometime, doubting whether I ever knew anything of the love of Jesus, and yet had to go and preach with such a feeling; but soon after I began, the cloud of darkness rose, and remained off until I closed the meeting, and then it settled down again, with partial intermission until I commenced again in the afternoon, then O what sweet reliance on God,—on the love of Christ. O what emotions of gratitude, what a willingness to be anything or nothing, that God may be glorified; and now in the week time as I am not called to action, Satan does not trouble himself about me, and I pass along unmolested; but perhaps before the week expires, he may come with renewed energy. Well, say I, God sees it necessary to let him loose upon me, I should be proud and of course unfit for duty without constant chastisement, being a refractory and undutiful child of my heavenly father's, I need to have my head broken to make me keep my place. And there is nothing that I ever experien-

ced in the world that I could ever bless God for, more than for these dark seasons. I learn to feel that I have no right to any light or comfort from God, that my place is justly in the dark; but when He is pleased to open the prison doors, and let me have a little sunshine and air, I bless Him for it. O my sister we are just as much under obligation to march onward in the dark, yes if it is so dark that you can feel it, as we are in the clearest sunshine of day. Who knows best what is good for us—our blessed Saviour who has died for us—or we short sighted mortals who know nothing? Learn to trust, learn to trust, and let not darkness, come as a consequence of sin, but only because God sees it best for you. Be constantly sober, watching unto prayer, fighting the good fight of faith. Talk but little, and let that little, be well seasoned with humility, a Supreme regard to the holy character of God, realizing that you are commanded to grow in grace, not to stand still, but to grow, to mount upward, to be continually looking unto Jesus. O I feel that I have lost a great part of my life in sloth! O how little I have done in the cause of my Divine Master! It is true that my health has always been bad, but alas, if I had always had the love, the supreme love of my Saviour's kingdom at heart, how differently even every day I should have been, from what I have been. I have this morning written to J. and must close by requesting you to remember me affectionately to my dear Mother, sister B. and all the family. Exhort them to love God. Live holy, holy, holy, continually. Be much in secret prayer. . . . .

Affectionately yours,

J. H. Linsley.

Diary; "February 17. What I enjoy now, is not a mere *negative* happiness, that is, a mere *exemption* from despair, or a sort of *insensibility*, as in darkness, it appears that these seasons have been, but my happiness is an enjoyment of the *sensible presence* of the blessed spirit of God. A firm reliance on his love and mercy; a sensible *drawing* of affection to Him, a regard for His glory; a faith that appears unshaken that 'Christ is mine, and I am His.' 'Unto you that believe, He is precious.' I feel this truth evidently. The word is precious. I can trust my soul upon it. The promises of God are sure, and amen in Christ Jesus. I have no fears of Hell, no fears of suffering, no fears of death. Christ is my all, my rock, refuge, strength, yes my salvation and my Redeemer. In Him will I trust, and not be afraid. I need not write any more for dark days, but trust my Saviour for all this, He will not leave me, nor forsake me. I feel now that I can trust Him in the dark, and leave it all with Him, both now and forever. Mount Calvery is the only place of refuge for despairing doubting sinners. *Past experience* will not afford the comfort, that a view of Christ will. Therefore my soul, always pray and if He tarry, importune and wait for Him, for He will not let thee perish.

"March 6th. During the past week, I have had the pleasure of entertaining a dear brother in the Lord, who has preached for a few years. He said for seven months he had preached *every night but seven*. His zeal and piety have afforded me a new spring, brightened up my hopes, and I hope made a lasting impression upon me,

that it is good to be continually and unremittingly pressing *onward*, *onward*, *onward*, to the kingdom of Jesus. I hope I shall not envy him his health and robust constitution; for while my own health is very feeble, I may reflect that it is accepted according to what a man hath, and not according to what he hath not. I had been impressed all the week past, that God would bless me this day with the influence of His Spirit, in such a manner that some souls would be awakened. At all events I felt confident of witnessing an extraordinary day. In the morning it rained and all things seen, appeared opposed to such a conclusion; but a goodly number came in and I enjoyed a blessed season. In the afternoon near seventy were present, and the most affected audience, I believe, that I ever witnessed. Hardened, profane, and abandoned men, shed tears profusely, and were deeply affected. O what a delightful season I enjoyed."

While thus laboring from Sabbath to Sabbath, the cheering information soon reached him, that profanity had greatly diminished among the persons he was striving to benefit, and that the guilty began to confess with shame, their sins in this respect. Other transgressions of the tongue, also subsided, while silence and sobriety began to assume the place of noise and drunkenness. Numbers in attendance at the meeting increased, and the horizon of his hopes, that the Lord had a people even here, whom He was about to bring forth into His marvelous light; seemed continually to brighten. A sense of the tremendous responsibility pressing upon a minister of the everlasting gospel, weighed upon his mind;

and as is apparent from the extracts selected from his journal, many a fierce conflict, did he wage with the assaulting powers of darkness. Then at other seasons, the Sun of Righteousness seemed to draw so sensibly near, as almost to lift him to the summit of Pisgah, and refresh his spirits with a glorious antepast of the heavenly rest. Yet he says when alluding to the hours of darkness. "I can still bless God for these trials, because they humble my proud heart, and usually produce a good effect in the end. I can, (I think,) truly say with David, 'O how I love thy holy law,' it is daily my delight. I love the Bible and I love the hand that smites. That is, I love the Lord, though He is occasionally so far from me, yes though He slay me, will I trust in Him."

"April 3d.—Experienced a good day. Mind clear and enjoyed the peculiar presence of God this morning in prayer, before sermon. A comfortable reliance on God and His promises during the day.

"14th.—This has been a special evening, in which I have found the Blessed Spirit in my closet. I do love my Saviour. 'Perfect love casteth out fear.' Death and hell have lost their terrors. Think I feel an entire submission to all the will of my blessed Saviour—Could this moment go hence, because the presence of God would be all I desire. O I could dwell alone with Him forever. His presence as well as 'His word giveth light,' and with Him all darkness flees away. Glory to God in the highest. Let all the angels and ministering spirits of just men made perfect, praise, adore, and love Him forever."

About this time, Mr. Linsley assisted at a four days' meeting, all the time he could spare from his own charge at the Wharf; and although great efforts were made, he remarks in a private record, that never did he so see the mockery of all human exertions, without the Spirit of God, as on this occasion.

"May 1st.—This day I had a happy meeting at the Wharf. Last evening attended a little prayer meeting, and though not designing to make any remarks, my soul was so carried out with the love of God, and the latter day glory of the Redeemer's kingdom, that my soul seemed almost to desire wings to fly away and be at rest. What a delightful reliance I felt in the love of God, what raptures of holy love. O could a heart whose sins had never been forgiven, experience such views of God, such perfect conformity to His will, whether for life, or for death? such perfect absorption, that I was swallowed up, and lost in the beams of the Sun of Righteousness. I believe it truly a foretaste of heavenly rest.

"May 15th.—Was induced to preach from Mark 11: 12 to 16 inclusive, as it was a request that I would do so, given after hearing me preach of the infinite love of Jesus, in being lifted up for their sins.

"I had uncommon liberty in defending the character of the Saviour, from the vile aspersions of opposers to Christ, in all the transactions recorded in the text; and I think proved that Christ was actuated by benevolence and love to His creatures in these very transactions, and without any possibility of mistake on the subject.

"I have now preached four months in this

house, and not an individual has experienced religion here. That is, not one who has been a steady hearer. One man to day, appeared much affected and anxious in some degree to obtain religion. But it is very discouraging to see nothing more, in so long a period of preaching, where the gospel has never before been preached. New hearers are every Sabbath added, but is it my duty to labor where God does not bless the preaching to the salvation of souls? This is a very important question. I pray God to decide it for me. One fact has been developed,—a meeting has been held four months at the Wharf, without any interruption, where all, or nearly all, prophesied riot, clamor, and disturbance, so as to prevent the holding of meetings. I bless God for this, and for the evident moral effect on the conduct of the inhabitants, who frequent this resort for vice and immorality."

Perhaps it is suitable to remark here, that a number of persons, who subsequently deemed themslves converted, dated their awakening to his ministrations at this place. It is also proper to state, that Mr. Linsley defrayed the entire expense incurred by his efforts there, for rent, lights, fuel, &c. preaching gratuitously, and never receiving or desiring any remuneration, save the sweet consciousness of serving His adorable Master, and benefiting perishing souls.

"May 25th, As I find such an inveterate propensity to *joking*, and *idle remarks*, I feel it a duty incumbent on me, this day to record a resolution to overcome this easily beseting sin, and to pray God to aid me by His grace, to fulfil this resolution. Lord help me to be solemn, sober

minded, and hourly to manifest to those around me, that the fear and love of God, are weighty in my mind, and sufficiently so, as to prevent me from being an occasion of stumbling to those who would seek occasion against Christians and against God."

Soon after the above date, he had the satisfaction of receiving the intelligence that a brother for whose salvation he had so long labored, and whose conversion he had so earnestly desired, had been awakened by a hymn which he had sent him, entitled "Say poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

After a prayerful consideration of duty, and receiving the advice of ministering brethren, Mr. Linsley deemed it expedient to relinquish his efforts at the Wharf, and transfer them to Milford, there being a few Baptists in this adjoining village, who were solicitious to hear him there. It was also the counsel of brethren that he be immediately ordained, to qualify him for administering the ordinances, should it be necessary. Accordingly on the 9th of June, at an anniversary of the Baptist state convention, assembled in Meriden, he was ordained to the work of an Evangelist. His feelings on the occasion are thus delineated in a private record.

"I pray God that I may now be a faithful minister of Jesus Christ, and that I may with increased ardor and faithfulness preach the word in season and out of season. I pray God that I may not labor in vain, or spend my strength for naught, but that I may have many souls given me as seals of my ministry, and as a crown of

rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus. O Lord quicken me by thy word."

He, this month dismissed his prosperous boarding school, and devoted himself wholly to the responsible and arduous, but blessed work, whereunto he had been called. In view of this plan, he remarked in a letter to a brother, "I might probably go to places where I should receive some compensation, and have already had an offer to that effect: but my object will be to preach in Stratford gratuitously, until at least I discover some alteration. I must dismiss all my school, as I cannot do both. Some perhaps would ask, why do you not continue your lucrative employment and stop preaching? They might as well ask, why not go to eternal destruction, and give up Heaven? I have but little time at longest left, to labor for souls, and I must turn my whole soul to the work."

As a teacher he had been remarkably successful, and as has already appeared in this work, possessed a faculty of winning the warm affection of his pupils, while at the same time, he strictly enforced obedience, and discipline. Numbers of those under his tuition are now filling offices of importance, and up to the period of his decease, he possessed warmly attached friends, among these former inmates of his family. As examples of many, we would quote the remarks of a few, on learning his decease.

"It is with much pain that we announce the death of the Rev. James H. Linsley. He was among the excellent of the Earth, and his death must cause a pang in the hearts of all who knew him. His departure will be to his family an

affliction unspeakably great, as his natural tenderness of heart was such as to bind him to them by the most sensitive, yet enduring ties. To us Mr. Linsley has long seemed peculiarly near as our early preceptor and friend. We think such a man cannot leave any enemies."

Again from another. "In the early part of the present year, we were pained to notice, registered among the list of the dead, the name of our once much beloved Instructor. We pause, and drop a tear for the memory of the departed. We realize that in his death, we have lost a fond friend. We never think of the deceased without a crowd of grateful recollections. I often think how much I am indebted to him for many of those principles which I cherish most dearly. During the two years it was my privilege to be his pupil, those elements of piety which had been instilled by my parents, received from his hands not only a fostering care, but a new and additional impulse. I love to look back upon those scenes. I well remember when we were accustomed to bow around the family altar, and witness the fervor of his petitions for our good.

"I trust that we shall all have the pleasure of meeting him again in another and better world. This pleasing thought in a measure mitigates our sorrow and buoys up our spirits. Is it not a delightful thought, that that hope in Christ, which invests a man with such heavenly dignity, has a power to rob death of its sting, and triumph over the grave?"

We shall offer but one more example.

"None can doubt but Mr. Linsley is among the redeemed, and enjoying the presence of his

Master to whom during his life he so often eloquently and persuasively, pointedh is fellow men. The first sermon that I can call vividly to my recollection, was preached by him in a house on the road to the Lower Wharf, on the sufferings and death of our Lord and Saviour. I need not say that in his death, I have lost a friend. His kindness and attentions to my brother and myself, when enjoying his instructions, attached me to him much; an attachment which I think will not be forgotten."

We return to his Journal.

"June 19th.—Preached in the Congregational meeting house at Milford, by invitation. Rev. Mr. T. present; gave me a very cordial reception, and said at the close, that his pulpit was always ready for me, whenever I could preach for him. Enjoyed a good day."

Next sabbath preached at the Wharf.

"July 3d.—Preached at Stratfield A. M. At noon baptized for the first time. P. M. Preached from, 'it is finished.' Then administered the Lord's supper for the first time. A very solemn and interesting occasion to my own soul, and apparently much so to the church. O that my preaching this day may not be lost, but be productive of great good to immortal souls. What reason have I to be thankful to God, that my health so much improves in preaching, when I reflect upon what I have accomplished this day, besides riding about 15 miles. Verily my strength is equal to my day."

On the 27th of July, he commenced preaching at the town house in Milford, which was obtained for that prupose, and for months, was

crowded to overflowing, and often before the ringing of the first bell.

The former pastor of the Congregational church in Stratford, now settled in New York, was desirous that Mr Linsley should remove to that city, and endeavor to establish a Baptist church there. This proposal from his brother in the Lord, would have been agreeable to him, had not ill health in his family, compelled him to relinquish the idea.

Mr Linsley occasionally preached at Weston, and Stratfield, and was solicited by both churches, to become their pastor.

Diary. "Sept. 1st.—I have been four days and nights almost entirely deprived of sleep, giving up my hope and despairing; but this afternoon, while reflecting on what my soul loved and rejoiced most in, I was led again to believe that nothing gave me so much satisfaction, as to labor in the vineyard of the Lord, and strive to save souls. This is all my desire and ambition. I was led to reflect that such feelings could not be the feelings of a reprobate, as I had believed myself to be. I thought I could truly say. "*I love thy kingdom Lord*, the house of thine abode," &c, and therefore determined again to give myself up to Christ, and to His service, and leave all the events to Him.

"There is no good in despair, and no where else to go but to Christ, and in Him is all the fulness of the Godhead bodily, and He is therefore able and willing to save to the uttermost all who come unto Him. In coming to all these conclusions and reflections, I knew, as I thought, what religion was, and believe I now,

know what it is, and that my feelings on this subject are not enthusiasm, or heat, or excitement of any kind, but the result of a conviction that I love God, that I love His cause, and wish to wear out in His service, and believe that if I were now taken suddenly ill, and believed death near, I could rely on the mercy of God, throw myself without any merits of my own, upon His Almighty arm of love, and there find salvation forevermore. I believe my heart was changed in Cheshire, the feelings I then had were such as converts have in their best estate, and such as no reprobate ever could have; and for years after, and as my feelings now are so unlike what they are in my distress, I pen them here for my own benefit, whenever I shall again be assaulted by the arch enemy.

"Sept, 4th.—Preached at Munroe. A gloomy day to my soul. Returned home in distress. Made an appointment by request to preach there again in two weeks, to baptise, and administer the Lord's supper, but Sept, 6th,—find my anguish of soul so great, that I cannot fulfill the appointment, and therefore write to countermand, for if I have no hope, I am not authorized to attend these ordinances. Wrote also that I cannot preach at Milford next Sabbath.

"Sept, 7th.—Rode to Trumbull and married ——— and ———. Had awful and dreadful despair; feared greatly that I should be in hell, before I reached home. Have no doubt that my nerves were very much affected. Felt that I could never preach again, nothing but death and hell awaited me.

"Sept, 13th.—Saw Rev. E. C. He endeavored to convince me, that these were no uncommon feelings, with young ministers, and he seemed to believe my state of mind, to result from nothing more than "*ministerial* hardening:" that Satan was endeavoring to destroy my usefulness and that I must preach at all events. I had previously appointed to preach in Milford and on Sunday 18th, of Sept. preached. The state of my mind during the preaching was composed but not enjoying any hope, or satisfaction to myself. I am convinced however that I must continue to preach, as long as I can, for if I stop preaching, I shall go into a decline and die very soon. I must do something to occupy my mind, and there is nothing on earth that I desire to do but to preach the gospel, and be entirely devoted to the cause of religion. O that God would give the light of His blessed countenance. O that I might find Him to be my Father, and His blessed Son my Saviour. This is all I ask. Lord grant this favor for the sake of Christ. How much good, with the blessing of God, I might do, if I only knew I loved God.

"Sept, 25th.—Preached at Milford. Rev. E. C. present. I had appointed to baptise at noon a man 75 years of age, but Mr. C. having two candidates from New Haven, belonging to Milford; at my request he baptised him. Mr. T's. white locks added great solemnity to the scene, as he went tottering with years, to his watery grave.

"Oct, 29th.—Since Wednesday of last week, I have preached eight times, attended two four days' meetings, one at Zoar in Newtown, the

other in Stratfield. Have also heard five sermons from others. It has been an interesting time with me. Have given many exhortations and had private conversation with many anxious souls. Five individuals were baptised and united with the church, who had obtained hopes before. One of them stated that she was awakened by a sermon she heard me preach from the text, 'Strive to enter in,' &c. This relation seemed to afford me some encouragement that God had called me to the ministry. To Him be all the glory forever."

Mr. Linsley now consented to supply the church in Stratfield one half of the time, and the other half to devote his efforts to Milford.

"Nov, 6th.—This day preached from Luke 15: 11, &c. The Prodigal Son. At noon called for the anxious, when probably 25, or 30 took seats to be conversed with, on the great subject of their soul's salvation. I spent the intermission with them. Heard two or three relate their exercises for baptism. Preached in the afternoon and then administered the Lord's supper.

"Nov. 30th.—Last night a dear and much beloved Christian brother in the Congregational church, departed this life, having been sick but four days, and those days in a mental derangement, by reason of his disease, inflammation of the brain. He was one with whom I have been more intimate, than with any other man living. We have long made it a practice to pray together whenever we met at each other's dwelling; O how many pleasant seasons of prayer, and praise, have we enjoyed. Our ages the same, as well as 'our comforts, and our cares.' But he has

gone home to his Heavenly Father's kingdom, and is now entered upon that rest which will never end. O happy man; how gladly if it were the will of God, would I exchange with you, or go to you, and join you, but alas! my hopes are feeble, and my fears that I shall never enter that blessed kingdom are great."

It is an affecting circumstance, that when Mr. Linsley visited the brother in Christ mentioned above, in his last illness, although the sick man was entirely deprived of reason, on seeing this Christian friend enter, a gleam of recollection seemed to cross his wandering mind, as he turned his eyes on him, and uttered the single word *prayer*.

In Feb. 1832, the subject of this work, with some other brethren, succeeded in purchasing the Milford town house, and fitting it up for a place of public worship. It required a thorough repair, which was completed so that preaching was resumed, on the 15th of April. In the following June a church was constituted with 19 members, which subsequently increased under his care to thirty-three. Before the close of this year, he had baptised thirteen persons in Stratfield, and eleven in Milford. While the building was undergoing its transformation, the pastor was preaching somewhere near by every Sabbath, sometimes frequently in the course of the week. At one period, he preached in New Haven six times in one week.

Diary. "Nov. 13th.—In the last twelve days I have rode about 180 miles, and preached nine times, and heard nine sermons from other preachers, and attended twelve prayer meetings, and

a temperence address and two protracted meetings,—one in Weston. On the first day were twelve anxious, 2d day 19, and 3d day about 25. Six arose, as having experienced religion during the meeting. May the Lord carry on His work and save all those who are enquiring the way to Zion, and increase the number of such, a thousand fold."

Mr. Linsley became satisfied that the course he was now pursuing was injudicious, viz, supplying two churches, each one half of the time. "Divided strength," as he remarked, "was inexpedient," and he accordingly determined that his whole attention should be devoted to one. As the church in Milford were unable to support a pastor, he deemed his services more needed among that people, and therefore concluded to relinquish his charge at Stratfield. Accordingly on the 30th of December, he preached his farewell discourse, at the last mentioned place. The day was one of interest and solemnity to all. The church were deeply affected that their beloved Pastor felt called to leave them. A very full congregation assembled, and after the administration of the sacrement, the church arose unanimously, to testify their affection and attachment for their clergyman. In a private record of the occasion, we find the subjoined.

"I trust I have not labored in vain, for not only have seventeen been baptised, but four more have been received by the church, and five by letter, and ten sabbath school scholars have manifested a hope that they have experienced religion, during the year. To God be all the glory, praise, and blessing, but may my soul be

thankful, that God has made me, though a poor sinner, useful in that church. Blessed be the name of the Lord.—I feel it my duty to go to Milford, because they are feeble and need help, and they have no means of procuring it, unless I go."

During the year 1833, Mr. Linsley ministered to the church he had been the means of rearing in Milford, and as he observed, "enjoyed many pleasant seasons." Some additional members were received, and every thing appeared pleasant and prosperous. In the mean time, the Stratfield church, although many candidates had been presented, had not agreed in settling a Pastor, and now unitedly requested him to return. In this solicitation it was stated, that should Mr. Linsley deem it incumbent on him, not to leave entirely his change, but to minister to them one third of the time, they would wish to obtain his services the remaining two thirds. After reflection he concluded to accede to the latter petition. In the course of three months however, Mr. Linsley became sensible that his entire labors in Stratfield would be productive of more good, and sent the Milford church the following proposition: 1st, That he would present a specified sum to aid them in obtaining a Pastor that year, and so release him, or 2d, he would liquidate the remaining debt on their house of worship, thus bringing them entirely free from debt, in which case they would be able to devote all their efforts towards the maintenance of a clergyman. Mr. Linsley hastily recommended the acceptance of the latter, in preference to his preaching one third of the time gratuitously. They complied

with his advice, and he accordingly paid their arrearages, and devoted himself exclusively to Stratfield. At the commencement of the next year—Mr. Linsley records in his journal.

"Jan. 1835.—I have enjoyed a very pleasant year in preaching to the church and congregation at Stratfield. A few conversions, though no special revival. Congregation has much increased,—affectionate, attentive and kind. O that God would make the truth to reach their hearts and by His grace save poor perishing sinners from going down to the pit. Have again received an invitation to continue the pastor of the Stratfield church."

In the progress of this year, he received calls from five or six churches, most of them among the first in the denomination in the State, in point of respectability and influence. But he declined them all. We refer again to his diary.

"From Milford very urgent and pressing invitations to return. But duty appears plain to me to remain in Stratfield, and may the Lord add His special blessing. O that I had more spirituality, more love to God and souls; that I were more faithful and Holy.

"It is now four years since I was licensed, and three and a half years since my ordination. I have baptised forty-two persons, and by the special favor of God, have, as I trust, been instrumental in the awakening, and directing of some souls to Christ. Have traveled 4012 miles the past year, 3088 the year previous, making 7800 miles in two years, besides supplying the pulpit statedly all the year, with the exception of two or three Sabbaths. In one journey to Hart-

ford in February last, I gave an address on Temperence in Wallingford, 26th; at 7 P. M. preached in Meriden. Two persons were awakened by the text Ps. 26 : 9, who soon after expressed a hope and united with the Baptist church in that place;—Was informed that a number were awakened. On the 27th, attended Board meeting of the Convention. On the 28th, preached in Hartford where another was awakened and soon after united with the Baptist church.

29th, preached again in Hartford, in the morning, in Wethersfield to a full house in the afternoon, and in the evening at Meriden, heard brother D. preach. I followed him with an exhortation—house very full—night very dark and traveling very bad. The Lord was there with His Holy Spirit."

In the spring, Mr. Linsley went as a delegate to the meeting of the triennial convention, at Richmond, the exercises of which appear to have been peculiarly delightful to his ardent mind. After mentioning some very encouraging missionary intelligence, he adds. "No one can obtain an adequate idea of the blessedness and happiness enjoyed in those meetings, unless he be present, and feel an union to Christ and a desire for His glory."

We make an extract from a letter written during his journey home.

PHILADELPHIA, May 11th, 1835.

"I have previously intimated the extreme kindness, attention, and christian affection with which the delegates were entertained in Richmond. These interesting traits of character are strongly developed, and thoroughly practised by

the Virginians. But it is truly surprising to see how little enterprise or improvement there is among them in mechanical and agricultural operations. Suffer me to mention one or two circumstances which especially attracted my attention. Instead of having a steeple attached to the meeting house, they have a brick steeple standing alone on the public square, and a bell hung so high in the top of the belfry, that it is necessary to ascend a common ladder of many feet in the belfry, in order to reach the bell, and then instead of a town clock attached to it in order to strike the hour of time, a man is kept there day and night, and supported by the city, who goes up the steeple, and then mounts the ladder high in the air, in order to strike the hour with a hammer upon the bell. This he does so correctly that I did not discover five minutes variation during my long stay in Richmond. However incredible this may appear, it is true.

Whether he sleeps, or whether there is another to alternate, I do not know. I only know that a man goes up the ladder every *hour, night and day*, and strikes the hour with a hammer!

"On the first night of our arrival, there was a house consumed by fire, near by where I lodged, so that the light shone brightly into my chamber, and the bell was constantly ringing without being moved, and as rapidly as it could be struck with a blow from a hammer. I did not inquire whether the same mode was adopted as when the hour was struck, but entertain no doubt from the sound, that it was: only the blows were three or four times more frequent. I mention these facts, merely to afford an example of

what they will not deny, that in mechanics they are far behind New England. Their heavy implements of husbandry are almost indescribable, and a just description would be incredible. A view of their machinery for drawing logs into their saw mills, would give to some of our Yankee mechanical geniuses, the back ache. I am confident that one intelligent white man from the North, would accomplish more work on a plantation in a given time than any five negroes in the State of Virginia; but with the same tools he could not accomplish more than one. I congratulate the North, that such an immense amount of labor is saved to them by their inventions, and the application of mechanical powers, and to God be the glory.

"Coming from Richmond by stage about 70 miles, we entered a steamboat on the Potomac river about 60 miles below Washington city. Three men came on board from 75 miles back in the country, who had never seen a steamboat. Their long wagons and teams of six mules each, stood on shore waiting for fish. But the boat soon started from the shore, while these men were running about in ecstasy in the cabin, admiring the richness and beauty of the finish, unknown, however, to the Captain. The astonishment of these men, when coming on deck and finding themselves a distance from the shore, going at the rate of 10 or 12 miles an hour, their teams standing without keepers, and almost without food, and not knowing when the boat would return, excited deep compassion. Poor fellows! One declared again and again he would throw himself overboard. They were all stran-

gers, and repeatedly saying 'they had come 75 miles, O their teams !' &c. At length, by the intercession of the passengers, the Captain kindly stopped, manned a boat, and set them ashore. Never scarcely were human beings so happy as these men when they touched *terra firma*. They swung their hats, gave three cheers for joy, and moved off with a light step towards the place of their departure.

"Many reflections rush into the mind of an observer. If the separation from property and friends for a few days, causes such great excitement and agitation, what must be the agitation when a separation for eternity shall suddenly come, without a ray of hope, or the least expectation of return? How will your own case terminate, dear reader? How stands the dread account? Which way are you sailing?

"Again, on sailing up the Potomac, we passed the beautiful Mount Vernon, the seat of our unrivalled Washington, and the place where his bones now rest. There is nothing very marked or striking in the appearance of his ancient domicil, but, I was peculiarly struck with a circumstance trivial in itself, though in its appearance somewhat ominous. The bald headed eagle, the insignia of our country's arms, rose up not far from the house, and came flying over us, as if he would say,—Washington still lives, and I here remain to protect his ashes for they shall rise again. What rendered this augury more striking to me was, it was the only eagle I recollect to have seen in my journey. The large turkey buzzards are here seen daily, but not the eagle.

"The Roman Cathedral in Baltimore is considered a great curiosity. On going to visit it, however, we found a number of women kept the door, and they required twenty five cents from each of us, six in number, for permission to go in; this being a larger sum than I would give to see all the Roman Catholics in Christendom, we went away without the sight. I was told that many relics and pictures are shown there by an old woman, who makes it her business to give the visitors a history of them. Suffice it to mention one as reported to me, which she says is a copy of the original at Rome. A saint once looked up and saw Christ, and He was so dazzling that she threw a veil over her face;--she then doubled it, but He was still so bright, she doubled it again, to four thicknesses, and then she could behold Him. Christ in return left the impress or image of His own face, in each of the four corners of the veil, and this is exhibited as proof positive of her saintship, a miracle, &c. but the real object of this exhibition is to make stultified fools greater fools than they had ever before been. How long, ye simple ones, (it may be said in the language of inspiration,) will ye love simplicity, and ye fools hate knowledge? But the weapons of our warfare are not carnal. Christians must pray for the conversion of the Roman hierarchy to Christ, and they must labor to convince them of truth and righteousness."

In the progress of this year, Mr Linsley made great efforts to establish a Baptist church in Bridgeport, which, with a few friends he happily succeeded in accomplishing. The Episcopal

church was purchased, and he by his own exertions during the year in soliciting personally donations from his numerous acquaintance and friends, obtained about $2800, having headed the list with a liberal subscription of his own. He travelled in these twelve months 4500 miles, although he statedly supplied the pulpit in Stratfield as usual. Alluding to his success, he has recorded.

"The Lord hath opened the hearts of the liberal minded, and greatly blessed my exertions, beyond the most sanguine expectations of any individual among us. To him be all the glory. Not *twenty dollars* of the subscription has been obtained without my own personal solicitation."

On the first Sabbath of 1836, he preached his farewell discourse at Stratfield, with the intention of visiting the destitute churches in the state, and in the autumn to commence ministering in Bridgeport. But the Lord who seeth not as man, devised to set aside this dearly cherished plan, and frustrate his schemes of usefulness. The extra exertions and exposures he had undergone, had effectually undermined his health, and in the month subsequent to the delivery of his farewell, he was found a victim of the minister's foe, Bronchitis. His throat which had been for some weeks in a threatening state, now assumed so alarming an aspect, that a council of physcians was summoned, who decided upon the excision of the palate, which was accordingly effected.

At the time of the operation, he was in Hartford, with his beloved friend the lamented Dr. Davis, with whom he was engaged in compiling the Conference Hymn book, now in use among

the denomination under the name of the "Baptist Select Hymns." During this visit, he preached for the last time.* His health continuing to decline, his physcians were decided in the opinion that he must by all means desist from public speaking. As it is interesting to know the state of his mind under the pressure of this disappointment, we subjoin the following short extract.

"April 19th.—May the Lord Jesus direct all this business and give me grace sufficient to endure all these trials in such a way that God may be glorified, and my own soul benefited by this affliction, rendered peculiarly afflictive from the fact that I have received urgent solicitation from persons in a number of revivals of religion, 'to come over and help them.' To be compelled in all those instances to say, it is impossible, has been trying, but the Lord can and will accomplish his work, with what means he pleases, and both when and where he pleases. Glory be to His name."

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* Of this discourse, a friend who was present at its delivery, has furnished us the following record.

"The discourse was founded on Exodus 4: 10. I have a distinct recollection, even at this distant day, of being very much interested, and in my Journal at the time, I find the following note in regard to it: 'The preacher took up the various excuses that are made by professors of religion for not engaging in active service in the cause of God, and showed in a very impressive and convincing manner, their futility. It was an excellent discourse."

"Br. L. was much beloved in Hartford, and on his coming down from the pulpit, the brethren gathered around him, to exchange salutations and inquire after his health. His reply to their inquiries was, 'I am going down as fast as a man can,'—the tears at the same time starting from both his eyes."

A voyage to Maine having been attended with such beneficial effects in an early period of his life, the same course was now adopted with a hope of improving his health. Some interesting incidents in this trip, will be found in the following letter.

MACHIAS, Maine, July 8th, 1836.

"DEAR BROTHER C.

"I sailed from the city of Bridgeport, on the 28th ult, and on the 2d of July when out of sight of land, (off Cape Cod) we fell in with the dead bodies of two persons, apparently unclad, or nearly so. Their swollen appearance and the manner in which they floated, indicated that they had been some days in the water.

"After we had passed the second one, from a quarter to half a mile; a large shark with his back fins steadily out of water, passed us with the apparent rapidity of the fleetest horse. He moved in a straight line for the body and soon reached it! Whether this distant discovery was made by his great power of smelling or seeing, is uncertain and wonderful.

"Seldom, since the Lord first convinced me by his grace that I was a sinner, have I been so fully sensible of the wretched state of the human family, without an interest in Christ, as on this occasion. How easy it is for God to stain the pride of all human glory! Who was this body once? And where is the soul now? The loathsome carcass floats unprotected, unknown, unwrested from the cruel fang of the merciless shark! It may furnish a satisfying morsel to his devouring appetite, and will soon be mingled in undistinguished atoms with the mighty ocean!

"This melancholy tragedy appeared to solemnize every countenance, and sensibly to remind them of their latter end. Had my lungs been adequate to overcome the sound of the dashing waters and 'creaking cordage,' I should have been glad to preach from the passage of inspiration; 'all flesh is grass and the glory of man as the flower of grass.'"

"I however, in short, made use of the subject to those around me much as follows. What an exhibition does this dead body afford us of the state of man when he fell. Totally helpless, dead in trespasses and sins—no eye to pity, no arm raised to rescue him,—wretched and miserable, blind and naked. Satan with deadly malignity delighted to fix his fang upon him, and exulted in his deadly hate. Nothing could be more wretched than the situation in which man then was. At that awful moment when Heaven seemed to pause in silence at the inquiry, who will go to save? The sweet and eternally obedient voice of Jesus Christ, answered, 'lo I come, in the volume of the book it is written of me, to do thy will, O God.' Here is the plan of salvation. Jesus Christ has died to rescue lost sinners. Lost worse than this dead body, because spiritually dead, exposed to eternal wrath; but the invitations of the gospel are sweetly sounding; 'come and welcome to Jesus Christ.'

"O! I do think, if I desire any thing on earth, it is to preach Jesus, able and mighty to save to the uttermost, all who believe in Him. But without faith in Him, and obedience to Him, there is no remission of sins in this World, or in the World to come.

"With these feelings it was painful to me when in a few hours after my arrival (unknown) at Cherryfield, on the Narraguagas river, to refuse a request to attend a funeral, and to preach on the sabbath.

"But to return to the voyage. Soon after we saw the dead bodies mentioned, we met pieces of a vessel, plank with the tree-nail in, a floating barrel, &c, evincing evidently that a crew and vessel below us had been wrecked and lost. The fog soon came on very thick, and after three days sail in it and not kowing where we were within many miles, on the memorable 4th of July, a sudden and instantaneous cry of the loudest key was made by a number of voices, 'all hands upon deck, breakers ahead! I had time only at a spring to reach the cabin door, when with a crash we dashed upon the rocks called Martinecas, known at once to be about twenty miles from the main land, which had not yet been seen. What sudden consternation and amazement seized every mind while they looked upon the towering white ledges that lay before us just bursting out from the immensely dense fog. No time to be lost. Every eye as it passes the deck is glanced at the hold to discover whether the vessel leaks, and every hand is hastily employed to get her off, now fastened to the rocks by the bow and the side drifting on to them. But as the tide was rapidly rising and the wind strong, we escaped with the loss only of part of the keel and the dashing of some moveables in the cabin. It is said that a large ship was found that day near where we were, with anchors cast and her sails standing, no one on

board; had been deserted through fear, or perhaps to secure an insurance of more than her value.

"Affectionately yours." ———

Mr. Linsley's malady was in no respect ameliorated by this tour, and on the approach of cold weather in the Autumn, it was deemed important for him to make the experiment of a clime more congenial to his enfeebled lungs than the bleak winds of a northern winter would afford. Accordingly he decided on an exile until the warmth of Spring should warrant his return. On the eve of his departure he penned an affectionate letter to his ever ardently beloved mother, from which we select the following.

Stratford Dec. 19th, 1836.

"My Very Dear Mother.

. . . . . I can truly say my dear mother that you possess a very great share of my affections, and scarcely a day passes, that I do not remember you in my prayers. I have often deeply regretted that I have for the last 25 years been able to see you so little and have enjoyed so little of your pious counsel. I can however well recollect your kind admonitions and exhortations when a child; and hope they have not been altogether lost upon me. I have to regret however that they were not more thoroughly attended to, and that I lived so long without repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. I rejoice that your valuable and prayerful life has been lengthened out to us your children so long, and I hope it may be still like Hezekiah's lengthened out at least 15 years longer than those of your aged Father and Moth-

er. I speak now as respects the blessing of such a life to your children that they may enjoy your counsels and your prayers. But as respects yourself you can say with the Apostle, for me to live is Christ and to die is gain, and I suppose you would add, that for you to depart and be with Christ is far better, and I doubt not for your own self and comfort it would be far better.

"'*Obedience to God*,' is the great fundamental law of religion. To obey is better than sacrifice. To be willing to be what God would have us, and to be willingly situated in all respects according to His disposal, is in reality to be in the enjoyment of pure and undefiled religion before God, because also all the active duties of religion, grow out of this obedience.

"We have no occasion to murmur at God's dispensations, for if not a sparrow falls without His notice, how much more will He notice the wants of His children, who are to dwell with Him and His dear Son Jesus Christ, forevermore. God knows all the trials and watches all the tears and heart throbbings of His dear people—yea He keeps all their tears in a bottle. O my dear, dear mother, what a kind father in heaven His dear people have. How important then to love Him with all the heart and soul and strength.

"Please to remember me affectionately to all my dear sisters and brother J. and family. Tell them to serve God from the heart as the first business of life: all things else are secondary. . .

"I am as ever very truly your dutiful son,

"JAMES HARVEY."

Diary, "Bridgeport Dec. 20th, 1836. Arrived here last evening from Stratford, on my way to

the South. An incident somewhat singular occurred in giving in names at the bar. I heard the name of H. J. Linsley announced to be registered; I arose immediately and corrected it by saying J. H. Linsley; it was altered accordingly; a gentleman standing by said no, it was correct before, that it should be H. J. It was somewhat astounding that this correction should be made, but on further investigation which appeared very necessary, it was found that his name was Harvey J. L. and mine J. Harvey L.

"At eight o'clock took passage for New York."

After speaking of donations or subscriptions which he was obtaining from the church in Bridgeport, he adds, "That building and location are objects that lie very near my heart, though I am nearly satisfied that I shall never be able to preach there, or elsewhere. May the good Lord send them a faithful pastor whose labors may be abundantly blessed to the salvation of many souls."

On the 29th of Dec., he sailed from New York.

"January 1st.—Every thing not lashed down in the strongest manner has been made to dash from side to side, trunks, chests, chairs, barrels, and every thing moveable, dashes from side to side almost as if discharged from a cannon. Hats are mashed as flat as if ironed out by a hundred pounder. No safety or comfort to the passengers but in their berths, and even there it seems dangerous to sleep, lest some mighty wave occasionally striking our bark, should take the liberty to pass us over the other side of the cabin in to much haste for comfort in alighting."

"January 7th.—Arrived in Savannah; on the 10th, I leave for St. Marys."

To one of his children.

"St. Marys, Jan. 20th, 1837.

"My Dear Daughter,

"It affords me extreme pleasure to know that the next letter in family rotation must be addressed to my dear little ——. I am also pleased with the reflection that she will be no less happy than the other members, in perusing a letter from her affectionate father, written about eleven hundred miles from home. How many hands it will have passed through, how various the talents, the dispositions, the tastes of those who have seen and handled this paper? How many carriages and steamboats and railroads will be had in requisition to convey it to your hands? What a variety of animals will tug and foam to draw it? How many drivers will suffer cold fingers, and stamp their cold feet, during its conveyance!

. . . . . .

"I am fully satisfied now that this will be the last voyage I shall ever make for health. Give me *home* and a domestic fireside and its dear and sweet comforts arising from the precious company of my family, and they afford better medicine, than change of climate and the *tossing*, *raging*, *restless*, *boisterous*, *merciless*, ocean. If a wish would place me with my dear family, there is not a day but I should be quickly there; nevertheless this mild climate is far more congenial to my lungs. . . . . .

"My dear must not forget that she owes eternal allegiance and obedience to the Lord Jesus Christ. Consider that the world to come is of vastly more consequence than all earthly things. Nothing can be named of so much importance

as obedience to God. The soul is in immense danger when amusements and temptations shut out the thoughts of the world to come. Nothing can compare with the loss which the soul sustains when leagued with the world and forgetful of God and her duty to God. Try my dear daughter to know your state, be sober minded and endeavor more and more to bring your mind to devout and spiritual meditation. . You can exercise cheerfulness instead of levity as conducive also to your health, as well as your happiness for life and death.

" Your affectionate father,

" J. H. Linsley."

" Diary, February 6th.—O that I did but enjoy daily living and heavenly food, and that the blessed word of God might always be precious to my soul. This is the desire of my poor sinful heart, but alas where sin and unbelief in Christ abound, true faith and living spiritual grace do not abound, O Lord revive thy work in my poor heart."

We return to his correspondence.

Wayne Co. Georgia, Feb. 15th, 1837.

" Almost despairing of any relief in the cold damp air of St. Marys, and receiving polite and pressing invitations from a number of wealthy planters in the country to spend a few days with them, and riding fifty miles through pines and palmettos on one continued plain, interrupted only by the great and little Santilla rivers; I arrived here, where wolves bark and devour the sheep and calves,—bears clamber and destroy the corn, walking erect and carrying off their arms full,—wild cats growl and lug away the pigs and poultry, over the heads of which in a severe con-

test, the gentleman at whose house I am, has broken all his gun stocks, panthers sometimes make their attacks, and multitudes of deer and wild turkies abound. From such surrounding scenes I now address you. The large peach orchard now in full bloom, from my window serves greatly to alleviate the melancholy and sombre appearance of the deep cypress swamps, overhung with black moss, waving its long hanging locks in the breeze. But it is in vain for me to attempt any thing like a poetic description, for I have no tact at that species of composition, however much such a prospect might inspire the muses."

St. Marys Ga., March 16, 1837.

"Since I last addressed you, I have been travelling most of the time,—have seen droves of *wild cattle*, and the more furious *wild boar* of the forest, all of which were as wild, and fled as precipitately as the wild deer, with which at times they seem to associate. They were all a lawful prize to any person disposed to shoot them. It is difficult however to conceive of the speed at which they appear to fly at the sight of men.

"I hope it may not be uninteresting if I introduce a short sketch of what I saw recently on a visit to Gen. C. Floyd, as it was one of deep interest to myself. He has acquired an *armory*, as well as a cabinet of curiosities, the most unique in the country. Many of the military weapons he obtained at Waterloo in person. Among them are two swords, kept reversed, under a splendid bust of Bonaparte. They are $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet in length, which with the scabbard weigh $6\frac{1}{2}$ lbs each, (our swords weigh 1 lb. 14 oz.) What strength must be requisite to wield them! They were worn by the

French Cuirassiers. He also had singular pistols obtained there,—many skulls, one of which had a sword gash, 4 or 5 inches long, that passed entirely through the skull that length. He had also a splendid highland dirk, on the blade of which was engraved, *vincere velmori*, (to conquer or die.) On one side of the plated metallic scabbard, was a knife in one case for it, and a fork in another; all worn without any inconvenience in carrying the dirk. The whole presented a curious combination of the useful with the murderous weapon. Large Mahommedan or Turkish scimetars, one with a concave, another with a convex edge, each about 2½ feet in length. An instrument somewhat similar to the preceding, called a yachtigan; the whole scabbard though large and heavy is all of solid silver. The sword of the late Wm. Pinckney, our minister plenipotentiary to Russia, which he wore in the Russian court. Also a yachtigan taken from a dying Turk, by Com. Decatur. A knife found among the slain Greeks after the slaughter at Scio. Golden stars were scattered over the whole length of the blade.

"He had a great variety of Indian weapons, bows and arrows, tomahawks with a pipe bowl of peace on one side and the hatchet of the tomahawk on the other, and a hole through the handle for the purpose of smoking. These were of various sizes and from ten inches to three feet in length. The General has opened a number of Indian mounds which abound in this country. I have seen a great number, one of which was from ten to twenty rods long, and from ten to fifteen feet high through the whole length. Most

of them have been repeatedly opened, and the exterior is now whitened with the fragments of Indian bones. *The mounds and bones are here, but where are the Spirits that once animated them! and what are their present reflections.*

"The gentleman mentioned, has a number of Indian skulls, quantities of their teeth that are as perfect and neat as polished ivory; beads of bone, also a very fine red paint, the composition of which is not known. These were dug from mounds having trees in them more than one hundred years old, as they are four or five feet in circumference. Specimens of all these relics he presented me. How vastly interesting it would be to know the whole history of the individuals represented by these remains!

"But among a multitude of interesting curiosities, I will only notice a very rich and highly polished *hanger*, a short broad sword of the Turks, a present from Constantinople. Near the hilt, it was covered with Arabic inscription, the English of which is as follows,

"God! there is no God but God, and Mahommed is His prophet. The sword is the key of heaven and hell. A drop of blood shed in the cause of God, or a night spent in arms, is of more avail than two month's of fasting and prayer. Whosoever falls in battle, his sins are forgiven at the day of Judgment; his wounds shall be resplendent as vermillion, and odoriferous as musk, and the loss of his limbs shall be supplied by the wings of Angels and Cherubim. I believe in the bridge of Sinat, which passes over the bottomless pit of Hell. It is fine as a hair, and as sharp as

a sabre,—all must pass over it, and the wicked shall be thrown off."

"These mottos constantly before the eye of the soldier, though probably copied from the koran, appear to afford some reason why ignorance and credulity, should be so horridly deceived, and why the Mohammedans fight with such desperate enthusiasm. O that we like Paul could be inspired of the Holy Ghost, with true faith and zeal to fight the battles of the Lord.

"Affectionately yours."

Diary, "April 18th, 1837.—Miserable weather and ill health has prevented me from being this week in Charleston, on my way to Philadelphia, in order to attend the great meetings in that city next week. It is a dreadful disappointment to me, for I had anticipated great pleasure in the exercise, and in the society of my ministering and other brethren. But the Lord reigns, and let the earth and the accountable beings therein rejoice in his blessed and wise government.

"To bow at all times and say the will of the Lord be done, is a very great attainment. The sore trial of constant ill health, is indeed hard for such a headstrong being as myself to bear. I do hope and *believe* that I have not yet murmured at these dispensations. Laus Deo, not unto us. May the Lord in His mercy afford me grace to bear all trials and deprivations with submission and filial affection, I know His government is just and good, but I ought to mourn that my own wicked heart, and want of care or want of judgment, should allow my numerously repeated exposures for years, to those inclemencies of weather, of preaching nights in school houses in drafts

of air, and riding in cold storms, and extreme exposures to taking cold, and by my own fatigue laying the foundation for consumption, which I am confident I now have.

"April 23d.—O the trial of sickness among strangers! But so it is, and I must yield my proud heart to the control of Him, who makes all things work together for good to them who love God. These are words of comfort and consolation to those who have laid hold of the hope set before them. My evidences of adoption into God's family, are not half as bright and strong as they once were, but "O to grace how great a debtor, daily I'm constrained to be." The Lord keeps the soul of him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on him, and I pray that this may be my happy portion.

"May 3d.—It requires great grace to be constantly affected with disease, preying upon the vitals, and so much so as to render the individual incapable of doing any business—a long distance from home and family, and friends, constantly in doubt whether he shall be permitted to see them again in the flesh; such a state of things constantly before the mind is calculated to produce depression of spirits, and a low state of spiritual enjoyment, because the mind suffers with the body. But I pray God to give me that reconciliation to His dispensations which becomes a poor unworthy sinner like myself. I have a very great desire to return to my family in at least some enjoyment of health, but if God has otherwise determined, I do pray that I may bow with filial affection and christian submission."

During Mr. L's absence, he was continually

sending communications of interest, to the "Christian Secretary," and other papers, as it was his habit through life, to write for various religious and scientific periodicals.

During his southern winter, his disease, in consequence of a severe cold; changed from apparent consumption to *asthma*, which transfer of complaint, in the opinion of his physicians, prolonged his life.

"May 23d.—Arrived home safely, and find myself once more in the bosom of my dearly beloved family, and blessed be God, they are all well, O what a happy meeting, and O how much I am indebted to the God of all grace and mercy.

"September 3d.—This day at the request of the Baptist church in Milford attended worship in the afternoon, and after hearing an interesting sermon from Bro. H. I administered the Lord's supper to the dear church. It was a season of deep interest to us all, but I spoke too long,—my feelings greatly excited, and the effect was such as to greatly injure my health.

"September 6th.—This day I was able to meet with brethren and sisters in Bridgeport to make arrangements for the constitution of a Baptist church. This meeting was a season of very deep and thrilling interest. For this favor I have looked with prayerful anxiety and attention for two years past. For this favor I have labored night and day, in soliciting subscriptions, and the Lord has crowned my labors with success, and I am this day enabled to open the meeting with prayer, at the request of the much esteemed pastor. My lungs had not sufficiently recovered from the fatigues of last Lord's day, and I was

compelled on that account to be rather short. I had long fondly hoped and labored with the view that here I should spend my days in preaching the gospel, and to give at least half the salary they could raise annually towards liquidating the debt that remains for the house, and here to lift up my voice like a trumpet, and with the aid of God's Holy Spirit to see multitudes of sinners flocking to Christ, but as my health has been declining, I begged the society to think no longer of me, but to obtain Bro. E. by all means."

We make the following extract from a letter addressed to his aged parent, just after a very alarming and violent attack with which he had been visited.

"STRATFORD, 27th Nov., 1837.

"My very dear and much beloved mother,

"I have desired very much to visit you this fall, and it has been a great deprivation or disappointment of long anticipated pleasure, to be unable to do so.

"I have a great many *mercies*—the Lord is indeed wonderfully kind to me, a poor sinner who deserves nothing but everlasting burnings. So much unbelief, so much heart wandering in duty, so little disposition to obedience to God's commandments; in short I have so little of any thing but downright indifference and sin, that I cannot comprehend why I am spared, while the valuable and healthy, useful and faithful ministers of Jesus Christ are cut down and sent to their long home in heaven. But I try to leave these things with God. I sometimes imagine that there is yet more work for me to do, that God will raise me up again, heal my maladies, and make me more

faithful as a minister of His blessed gospel. The asthma I dread almost as much as death. But I leave it all (at least I endeavor to ;) with the Lord. . . . . .

"I have often thought of the pious soul who may perhaps be living here in doubt and fears, with scarce a twinkling ray ; when she shall find herself truly in heaven, and with joy shall say glory to Jesus my blessed Saviour, I am safe at last, I am indeed in heaven. If tears could fall in heaven for joy ; would they not fall then ? Ah, the soul will be filled with admiration, with shouting, with allelujahs to the Lord. It will be glory to God in the highest. These are scenes that I believe you will pass through, when you meet the king of glory. Blessed be God I have seen days and weeks, and months and years, when I felt almost sure, and at times certain, this would be my portion. That I should see Abraham and the Prophets and Apostles in heaven, at whose side, I might sit and converse in sweet fellowship of Christ, and His glorious death, and His salvation applied to our souls. But alas long nights of darkness have succeeded. Unbelief and fear, have long prevailed, though I have found the darkness for the year or two past to be less dreadful, and at times there appear some bright rays through the cloud. I think I love the people of God, the prosperity of His cause, and when death appears to be at the door, I seem to wind up all my concerns into the will of God, and calmly rest myself there. This was more peculiarly the case with me in my recent illness, when the doctor gave me over, and I thought it doubtful whether I should wake again, if I fell asleep. I

gave up all for life or death, for time or eternity, and then slept quietly. God in mercy again opened my eyes here, with improving health and prospects. But stop I find I am so selfish that I am again talking of this poor sinner, self. Pardon me dear mother. I hope you enjoy great comfort of soul, leaving all with Christ. Ah there is no place or being like Christ, where to leave soul and body. O may He give us faith sufficiently strong at last, as to feel and say, come Lord Jesus, come quickly.

"I give Bro. J. '*Edwards on the Affections*,' and I hope some of these long winter evenings may be occupied by hearing it read aloud around the family fireside, where you and your children may many of them surround it. It is a searching and interesting work. I wish it could be read in every family in the nation, that can understand the language and spiritual distinctions. I have recently read '*Baxter's Dying Thoughts*,' but have no room left to speak of them. They are excellent. May you my dear mother enjoy much of God's blessed presence, and be a lasting blessing to us all.

"I am as ever very affectionately your son,

"JAMES HARVEY."

Mr. Linsley was often accustomed to remark, "I am never idle." Indeed so peculiarly was activity his characteristic, that it seemed like an impossibility for him to be without employment, and hence he was continually going beyond the limits of his strength. He possessed a native fondness for the study of Natural History, in all its varied branches of wonder and beauty. Yet having upon him duties and responsibilities of so

much greater importance, he had never, with the exception of botany, devoted his attention to these, to him, fascinating pursuits. Botany he commenced during his residence in New Canaan, afterwards teaching it to his pupils. With his ardent temperament it was very difficult for him if he was interested in a pursuit at all, to avoid following it with great enthusiasm. In this study therefore he soon excelled, and collected about a thousand species. His school, and subsequently his arduous duties as a clergyman, forbade the prosecution of any other branch of Natural History, for his soul was absorbed in this important work to the exclusion of these studies. But now a change has taken place. Relentless disease had summoned him from his station upon the walls of Zion, and he could no longer devote his willing energies to that transcendant cause, in which he had so earnestly desired to spend, and be spent. To remain inactive was impossible, and he now yielded to the bent of his taste, with a desire to be useful, although he was removed from the more active employments of life. He was often accustomed to remark upon the great benefit to be derived from studying the glorious Creator and His works of inexpressible beauty and wisdom, and the devotional feelings which an acquaintance with their wonders, as they were developed in a scientific investigation, inspired. Ornithology was the first branch he took up, having obtained a few specimens during his sojourn at the south. Once having entered the lists, he pursued the subject with an unconquerable perseverance, and enthusiasm which all his bodily infirmities were unable to abate. De-

lighted with the pursuit yet more and more, as he advanced, with new objects of absorbing interest continually unfolding to his view; what he accomplished in the few years devoted to the subject, is truly astonishing. In the May 1837, after his return from the south, he was made a member of Yale Natural History Society. Some time subsequently, as his labors became more conspicuous; of the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences, of the Hartford Natural History Society and of the Boston Society of Natural History.

In the department of ornithology, he collected a cabinet of great beauty, comprising more than three hundred species, all of which with a very few exceptions, were elegantly prepared by his own hands.

He ascertained more species of birds in Connecticut, than were found by Wilson, the distinguished Ornithologist, in the United States. Then he devoted his time to Mammalia, in which department he discovered several more species in Connecticut than had been found elsewhere in New England, one entirely new; to amphibia and reptiles, in which he also detected some species not found elsewhere in New England, and to shells, in which he ascertained as native to his own state, *more than double* the number, supposed by other naturalists to be resident there; (among them many new species, to several of which, brother naturalists have affixed his name;) and also to fishes.

Justly did a scientific friend remark after his decease, "as a naturalist, Mr. Linsley exhibited the most zealous enthusiasm, great sagacity,

and unfailing perseverance. With such qualifications he could not but succeed; and his progress has indeed been surprisingly rapid."

He amassed rich and valuable cabinets, consisting of these various branches. That of birds has been already noticed. That of Conchology is very extensive and elegant, containing *more than two thousand* species. He also left valuable collections comprising fishes, minerals, reptiles, geological remains &c., beautifully arranged and labelled by himself; with other interesting specimens of various descriptions. After becoming deeply interested in investigating the wonders of nature's varied treasures, he determined, should no insuperable obstacle oppose, to execute complete catalogues, with copious illustrative notes, of the animals inhabiting Connecticut. This was a most arduous undertaking, requiring constant study and unremitting personal investigation.

It was a work much needed, as nothing of the kind had ever previously been attempted in Connecticut, and the science of Zoology in this state, was comparatively in its infancy. He here found abundant employment, and stimuli; often expressing his firm conviction, that these charming and exciting labors, preserved his life, by serving to abstract his attention from painful bodily maladies, and affording ample amusement for his active spirits. The catalogue of birds was completed first, and appeared in Silliman's Journal, where it attracted much attention, and with its highly interesting notes, elicited many flattering notices. This was followed by that on the Mammalia. This list of reptiles being com-

pleted was published immediately after his decease, and one of the last acts he accomplished on earth, was to finish the article on fishes, which was also given to the public in due time. His catalogue of shells, was more elaborate, and had cost him more labor than any of the others. He left this *list* entire, (although unaccompanied by the very interesting notes, with which it would have been adorned, had he lived to complete it himself;) but not arranged, or prepared for publication. So perfect was it, however, that one of his family readily accomplished what was necessary in order for its presentation to the public.

Such are his labors in Natural Science; and while we take into consideration the short period devoted to it, and *that* with a grievous malady upon him, ever and anon prostrating his energies, and *compelling* him to relinquish these darling pursuits; the amount of labor he accomplished, and what be achieved in the cause of science, is almost incredible.

He was in the habit of exchanging numerous specimens of Natural History with scientific gentlemen in many different portions of the Union. He maintained a very extensive correspondence, the number of letters he penned in a year being truly enormous, communicating with all the first naturalists in the country, with his college classmates, and a large number of literary and pious acquaintances.

We return to his private correspondence. The subjoined is the transcript of a letter addressed to one of our beloved missionaries at the East, with whom Mr. Linsley was in the habit of thus communicating.

"STRATFORD, February 24th, 1839.

"REV. J. H. VINTON—

"My very Dear Brother,

. . . . . "To your very important inquiry, "*Will not God cause us to be successful in winning souls to Christ, if we most ardently long for the accomplishment of that single object?*"

"This is indeed a great question, and one of immense consequence to the Christian world to be properly answered, and I pray that God would grant me his special grace, and heavenly wisdom to reply. Christ says, 'if any two of you,' &c., 'Whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.' But the whole subject turns up such points as require some careful investigation. One fact appears to manifest itself, antecedent to all the special revivals of religion, that prayer, effectual and fervent prayer, is offered by the people of God, before the work commences. This is so universally true, that it is matter of some question, whether there ever was a conversion without previous prayer for that object. On the day of Pentecost, it appears, by Acts i. 14 and ii. 1, that united ardent prayer was offered, and the Spirit came with power, and Peter stood up and preached under that divine influence.

"There is a kind of prayer that cannot be denied, any more than God can deny himself. On the other hand, there is doubtless a great deal of prayer, made even by the dear people of God, that God does not answer and never will. It is indeed a subject that cannot well be explained in a single letter.

"It is certain that God's promises are full and

abundant, and that He means just as He says—that the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much. Abraham, Jacob, David, &c., knew the truth of this declaration by experience. Peter and the other disciples were equally aware of its truth, and God has not changed. He is the same, to-day, yesterday, and forever, and there is no respect of persons with God, but in every nation, he that feareth God, and worketh righteousness, is accepted of Him. The question then comes up again, will He hear, and answer us? I answer yes, provided the prayer is made in the same spirit and feeling in which they prayed. To explain my meaning:

1st. Prayer, I need not say, must be offered in the name of Christ, with entire dependence on Him, and an utter rejection of any dependence on ourselves. See John xvi. 23, 24.

"2d. The Holy Spirit must operate in a *peculiar* manner upon our heart. Such as 'the Spirit maketh intercession for us,' &c. This prayer, influenced by the Spirit, must be answered. God cannot deny Himself.

"3d. We must ask for those things that are agreeable to His word, (see 1 John v. 14,) and will, and such too as we have reason to believe are so. If we were to pray that God would convert all the heathen nations, without means, or without the knowledge of His word,—we have evidence from experience to believe that He will not hear us. So if we pray for any self-indulgence, when our judgment informs us that God cannot approve, &c. See James iv. 3.

"4th. We must yield our hearts with unconditional obedience. Whatsoever we ask, (says

John,) we receive of Him because we keep His commandments, and do the things that are pleasing in His sight. 1 John iii. 22.

"5th. When we pray with *a supreme desire to glorify God*, we have not only good evidence that the Spirit of God is aiding, but almost a certainty that our prayer will be answered. I have often been struck with the state of mind so peculiar to Moses when he was promised of God, 'I will make *of thee* a great nation, let me alone that I may consume them in a moment!' That would not do for Moses. *He could not bear that God's glory should suffer.* That was of far more consequence to him, than personal aggrandizment. See also 79th Ps., the 9th and first clause of 10th verses.

"6th. If we expect to have our prayers answered, they must be fervent; and seldom do I feel more condemned than I do in writing you this caption, realizing how much, O how much less of this fervor I have than you; O that I had more of it. It is the *fervent* prayer that prevails. *The* importunate prayer of the widow,—Bartimeus—so much the more, a great deal, he cried, 'Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me!' Christ is represented as in *strong crying and tears.* I suppose this fervency to mean rather a fixedness to one point,—this one thing must I have, not for myself, but for the glory of God, &c.

"7th. Our prayers must be humble. Our mind and will must be in perfect subjection to the will of God. Not my will but thine be done. A willingness and desire to be moulded into His image, mind and affections, &c. Yet the case of Moses, when he threw himself in the breach,

appears almost like exhibiting a desire for the salvation of the people, without much evidence of God's willingness to hear. But the desire for God's glory was so evident in his own soul, that his confidence amounted to almost presumption. However, if we are sensible that we have the mind of Christ, it is great encouragement to expect answers to prayer.

"8th. The confidence in God, already alluded to, must be a permanent feeling in the heart of the petitioner. 1st. In the promises of Jehovah: Ps. l. 15. 'Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver the, and thou shalt glorify me.' Ps. xci. 15: *He shall call upon me, and* I WILL ANSWER HIM. The New Testament abounds with such promises. Ask and ye shall receive, &c. But, 2d, In His *power und willingness* to save. This character of God, known by what He has done to others. Elijah was a man subject to like passions, and he prayed it should not rain, and he then prayed for rain. Hezekiah wished the sun to go back ten degrees. Isaiah prayed and it was done. Hezekiah prayed for life, it was lengthened fifteen years. Paul and Silas prayed, the prison was opened, &c. God's power and willingness to hear, must be felt in order to expect an answer.

"9th. A pleasure in the government of God, a love for His law, &c. Delight thyself in the Lord, &c., and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart. Ps. xxxvii. 4. Yea, He will hear them who delight in Him.

"10th. Perseverance is requisite to obtain a blessing. I will not let thee go, except thou bless me. If a friend of ours were drowning,

and we had made ten efforts to save him, we should not give over if there were any possibility of making another effort. So with our unconverted friends, or the heathen, &c. We must not faint or be discouraged. Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it. Ps. xxxi. 10. See John xx. 7, &c.

"But, finally; the Christian must feel an entire dependence on God, for the accomplishment of the work. 'My soul wait thou only upon God, for my expectations are from him.' Paul said 'So, then, neither is he that planteth any thing, nor he that watereth, but God that giveth the increase.' Notwithstanding all this, however, we must be in the use of means, and be always more afraid of not doing enough for the salvation of souls, than of doing too much. Christ made use of all surrounding objects, such as fowls, trees, grass, wheat, pearls, fields, vineyards, &c., to illustrate and enforce truth."

"December 29th, 1839.

"My very Dear and much Beloved Mother,

"It is some time since I enjoyed the pleasure of writing to you. The cause has not been that I was unmindful of you, that I did not wish to write, but I have had a great amount of writing to do the past year. This makes the four hundred and ninth letter since the first of January last, that I have written and numbered in a book, besides those I forgot to record. In addition to that, I have had an extensive amount of bad health, when I could not write at all, to which may be added a great deal of reading and hard study on *natural history*. Perhaps you imagine

that natural history is hardly spiritual enough for a man who stands so much of his time with one foot in the grave, as I do, to spend so much time in study upon it, and discussing it in the public papers. But the more we look at the works of God, the more we may admire His goodness in providing such an abundance of sustenance and even luxuries for man; and also in making provision to supply the mouth of every living thing. Nothing on which God has spent time to fashion and make, ought to be beneath our notice to look at, and regard, as displaying the wisdom of the Contriver, both to make, to feed, and continue from generation to generation. O this is a wonderful world, my dear mother, and it is astonishing how little most of the human family know of it. How much intellectual enjoyment they lose by ignorance,—how little advanced beyond the brutes, in point of mental culture, and literary acquirements.

"I have not a doubt but that this occupation of mind has, through the goodness of God, prolonged my days. Had I coiled up in my shell, and pored over my sufferings from *coughs and asthmas* and a multitude of bodily infirmities, I should long since have sunk into the grave." . . . . . .

Since Mr. Linsley's return from the South, he had been subjected to most distressing attacks of asthma, which usually terminated in a high fever, producing great prostration of strength; and so passing off. His recovery was then surprisingly rapid, owing to that peculiar elasticity of constitution which he possessed. Many times in the

course of his life, in his varied diseases, he would seem in the very last stages of his complaint, almost at the termination of his earthly existence; so much so, that those who witnessed him, and were not familiar with these seasons of trial, would entirely give him over; and anon in the course of a few days, to their utter astonishment, they would meet him in the possession of excellent spirits, and very comfortable health, in some neighboring town. As one illustration out of many, we would mention, that during one of his severe illnesses resulting from a hemorrhage, his physician observed that Mr. Linsley would never be out again. On making this declaration, he looked out of the window, and to his great surprise beheld his patient walking with animation on the opposite side of the street.

At the period in his life to which we have now arrived, he enjoyed, in the intervals of these attacks of asthma, a tolerable share of health. Yet when ill, he always seemed discouraged with regard to his recovery, and to apprehend his speedy decease as more than probable. He supposed every Autumn, that Spring was to him eminently uncertain, and when it arrived, viewed his seeing the Fall as equally precarious. Yet he was very cheerful, and this view of his trembling hold on life appeared (when his health was any thing like comfortable,) not to diminish his enjoyment of it. Some time preceding his final illness, he remarked to a member of his family, that perhaps he had kept death too constantly in view, and that it would be a more judicious course to think less of its approach, while he went forward in the

path of duty, leaving his Heavenly Father to choose the period of his departure.

For a year or more, previous to his last illness, Mr. Linsley's health appeared radically improved. His attacks were less frequent, and his friends fondly hoped he was shaking off the fetters of disease that had so long bound him. About the beginning of December, 1843, he was ill with one of his old attacks, but maintained his studious habits, and appeared to be less apprehensive about the issue than usual. Indeed both himself and family, though they had suffered so much before, seemed to be now in a great measure devoid of fear. The third week in December his disorder increased, though still. so many times had he been far lower, that for the first few days of this week no special alarm was felt. On Sunday, the 24th of December, hs was very ill, but arose in the morning, and remained up through the day. Some remarks uttered by him in the early part of it, indicated that he had no particular apprehensions that his useful career was so near its close. He was apparently cheerful and interested in things around him, though extremely feeble. He conversed considerably, and described how lost he had been the night preceding, and his efforts to convince himself where he was. Observed that he had heard music and singing all over the house. He was evidently extremely ill, yet seemed in no pain, and appeared rather surprised at the serious view his physician was inclined to take of his illness. A little after nightfall he put by the refreshment prepared for him, wishing before he partook of it to relate a dream of the night previous. While he was attempting

this, the startling truth flashed upon the minds of the small anxious group, trembling for their beloved head and guide. *His intellect is disordered!* The strong man had bowed himself, and his hitherto vigorous mind was weak and wandering. His stricken family strove gently to win him to retire. This was at length accomplished, and in a short time it was but too evident that his disease had gone to the brain. He however knew perfectly each member of his family, and was in a great measure sane. The adversary with whom he had waged so many conflicts, seemed to take advantage of his enfeebled state of mind, to renew his old attacks. Great spiritual darkness seemed mingling with the incoherent wanderings of his mind. He remarked that he had sometimes felt himself to be a so much greater sinner than any other, that it seemed his punishment must be greater.

The foe however, was soon compelled to yield, as he had done so many times before. His alarm gave way to comfort, and reason returned. He remarked sweetly to Mrs. Linsley that he had no distress of mind, or pain of body, and that he had hoped he should glorify God in death. He looked most tenderly and affectionately from one to the other, of his wife and daughters, and extended his hand, to press theirs in his own. He summoned his eldest daughter to his side alone, and conversed with her awhile upon his worldly affairs, wishing as he said, to settle them while he possessed his reason as he knew not how long it would continue. After this, his mind seemed rather wandering, and he obtained some sleep.

The next afternoon, (Monday;) there was a

recurrence of the dreadful scene of Sunday night. He was clearly distressed with the consciousness that in his recent scientific pursuits he had been too solicitous for earthly praise, and had not sought the honor which cometh from God only. His antagonist had but a short time of power. This member of Christ's flock was soon to be carried out of the reach of fear and sorrow forever, and these few moments were all that were left for the malice of his enemy. Still, no doubt much of it was to be ascribed to the wandering of his intellect which was at this time considerably disordered. His agonized attendants, with broken hearts, strove to soothe, console and quiet; and while two, overwhelmed at the sight of his sufferings, were compelled to leave the room, every few moments the Almighty seemed to endue a third, who remained at his bedside, with strength and composure adequate to this hour of awful need. This person continued to repeat some of those "exceeding great and precious promises," which had been so dear to him, interspersing them with personal applications; and while thus doing kept her eyes intently fixed upon the expressive countenance before her, and as she proceeded, could distinctly observe in the enunciation of each consoling sentence from the Divine word, that a look of increasing composure was soothing his agitated features. As she witnessed this effect of her remarks, she gently added some suggestions on the blessedness of those whose friend is the Lord; applying them to his own case, when a full lovely smile, like a gleam of light, irradiated his countenance. That infinitely compassionate Saviour who had long ago endured the inconcievable

agonies of a God-deserted death, that this sufferer might live in His reconciled presence forever; now drew near in the chariot of His love and power. He said to the swelling surges of temptation and despair that were engulfing the soul of His disciple; "peace, be still." The Sun of Righteousness arose in glory, and the thick clouds of darkness fled at His coming. Reason was perfectly restored, the Adversary gone in dismay, and a sweet peace pervaded the sick one's soul. With a joyful strength in the midst of dying weakness, he shouted aloud, "*glory to God, glory, glory!*" Too feeble to continue, he seemed pleased that his weeping companion, whose tears now flowed for joy, took up his song of triumph, and added "yes," to her exclamations of grateful adoration. He was now entirely sane, and although so weak as to lie still and silent, was clearly filled with sweet peace and composure. Such a change had ensued that his friends almost hoped for his recovery. That night he slept a few hours, but after three o'clock in the morning, a peculiarity in his breathing, but too justly alarmed his anxious family. At half past four on this morning, the 26th, he fell asleep in Jesus.

"Is that a death bed, where a christian lies?
Yes, but not his; 'tis death itself there dies."

Early on the morning of the 29th, after a prayer at the house of mourning, the remains of the lamented dead were conveyed to New Haven, and after a funeral sermon preached there by the Pastor of the 1st. Baptist church, were followed to the grave by a large collection of his relatives, pious and scientific friends. Thus terminated

the earthly labors of this dear servant of Jesus Christ, and all who were acquainted with his useful and active life, could not fail to concur in the opinion so often uttered; that his decease was a public loss.

In person, Mr. Linsley was rather above the average heighth, very upright, and of a dignified bearing. He possessed a very unusual flow of animal spirits, which all his ill health was never able to conquer. Those who enjoyed his society will readily witness to his colloquial powers, as he was very social, and had a varied fund of conversation, which his lively, cheerful spirits rendered interesting. One marked peculiarity in his character, was his capability of enjoying the society of all, of whatever rank or age. That of the literary and scientific, was charming to him from its congeniality, and that of the pious, for the same reason; but he would like to chat familiarly with the poorest and meanest who came to his door, and would contrive to elicit some information from them, or some new idea, which their different modes of life, would enable them to communicate. This temper rendered him beloved by all classes. Thrown among entire strangers, he was soon at home, and it seemed impossible to place him in any situation, or among any people, where he could be deprived of social enjoyments. Indeed the capability of deriving amusement, instruction, and gratification from *matters and things*, as well as persons, around him, was a very striking characteristic. His active mind, instigated by that eager thirst for knowledge which he carried with him to the last, seemed ever on the look out for something

interesting and profitable. The disposition to communicate some useful information to others, was a prominent trait, probably fostered by his being for so many years an instructor. Few could be in his way, without his making an effort to teach them something. His natural disposition was affectionate, kind, and sympathising, and he was distressed when he supposed any inadvertent remark of his, had wounded another's feelings, and could not rest until the feeling had been removed. An intimate friend of his, conversing with the bereaved family on this disposition of the departed, expressed the surprise he had felt when witnessing the peculiar tenderness with regard to the feelings of others, which Mr. Linsley manifested; and his desire to conciliate and offer reparation, when it might be, there was no call for such attempts.

Perhaps his distinguishing feature of mind, was that enthusiasm, coupled with great energy and perseverance, which accompanied him through life. Justly did a learned friend say of him after his decease; "his life was sustained by a beautiful enthusiasm, which carried him successfully through labors to which his bodily health was inadequate." He possessed great ardor of temperament, was very easily excited, and too liable perhaps to express his feelings with undue warmth. Prone to be rather impatient of opposition, it was difficult as he himself lamented, for him to curb and restrain his ardent feelings, either of approbation or reprehension, as much as he desired. His frank candor, led him to avow what he *did* feel, and that was always strongly, if at all. All these trials were how-

ever, softened and moderated in the latter years of his valued life; "less *ultra*," as he was accustomed playfully to remark, "in every thing." He was more mild in the expression of his views, more patient and forbearing.

As a christian, I should say his prominent grace was *zeal*, interest in the advancement of Christ's kingdom, and longing desires for the prosperity of Zion. To his efforts in this blessed cause, the preceeding life bears witness? of his liberality in bestowing his substance, suffice it to add, that a few weeks prior to his departure, he stated in confidence to some friends, that his contributions for benevolent purposes had averaged for the last twenty five years $300 annually, thus amounting during that period to $7,500.

In the great benevolent enterprises of the day, he had long borne an active part. His solicitude in the blessed cause of Sabbath School instruction, was manifested by the series of interesting papers which he wrote on this subject. His anxiety for the prosperity of Zion, and dread of the heresies and delusions which were rife through the land, and as a desolating miasma, polluting the atmosphere of evangelical churches; were so strong and decisive as at times visibly to prey upon his enfeebled frame. With all his characteristic ardor and vehemence, he entreated, argued, and prayed against the spirit of false doctrine and schism. This, dark agent of evil as it was, and giant foe to vital piety, was stalking with ruin in its footsteps, around him. It was indeed true of him that he contended earnestly for the faith once delivered to the Saints. As an illustration of his power in controverting heresy; we shall adduce but one instance.

A female relative of his, advanced in life, a woman of uncommonly strong powers of mind, and peculiarly tenacious of her own opinion, had most unfortunately imbibed the fatal errors of Socinianism. With her known impatience of opposition, and almost unconquerable fixedness of purpose, where her clear vigorous mind had once been established, the hope to convince her of the truth seemed small indeed. But Mr. Linsley was not disposed to be discouraged, and he could not endure that this beloved friend, whose superior qualities he so justly estimated, and whose virtues he so much loved, should wander in this fatal darkness, while there was a possibility of leading her into the light of truth. He went accordingly and engaged her in the argument. He plead and reasoned, and she adhered to and defended; while, as one hour after another rolled off, he felt that he could not desist, until the eyes of her understanding were opened. And he waited not in vain. Overcome by the weight of evidence presented, and doubtless enlightened by Him whose glorious mission it is to take of the things of Christ and show them unto men; at migdnight, (for till then was the discussion protracted,) she fully abandoned her strong hold, confessed her delusion, and as a witness, delivered up to her delighted combatant her *Socinian bible.*

He was for many years, and at the time of his death, a member of the American Baptist Board of Foreign Missions, and always very fond of attending all the important public meetings of his denomination. The Ministerial Conference of his county passsed a set of resolutions with refer-

ence to the sad event which had deprived them of one of their number, a copy of which was transmitted to the family; also at the next meeting of the State Convention, his decease was noticed in a similar manner. In the meeting of the County Association we find it noticed thus: "It was particularly affecting to call to mind our much esteemed and beloved brother, Rev. James H. Linsley, whom we shall meet no more, till the heavens are passed away. He was a man of God, of prayer, of faith, of love, and zeal. His reward is great."

Thinking that perhaps some few extracts from the numerous letters addressed to the bereaved on this occasion, might not be uninteresting, as they testify to his character and worth, we subjoin as follows:

"HARTFORD, January 1st, 1844.

"My dear afflicted sister,

. . . . . "It is not according to the promptings of my heart, to write you a formal letter of condolence. No, my dear sister, your husband was my dear friend, whom I tenderly loved, not only because he loved and bore the image of our common Saviour and Lord, but because there was with us, a similarity of tastes, and opinions which united our hearts, and I feel a sense of loneliness connected with the thought that he is gone. But how much have we to comfort us, concerning our dear departed friend. How much more he would have enterprised for the cause and service of the Redeemer, had not disease early marked him for its victim; may be conceived from what he has done under such weighty embarrassments. His heart was bound

to the cause by bands stronger than death. He has now received the end of his faith, even the salvation of his soul. . . . .

"Your affectionate brother in Christ,

"_____ _____."

. . . . . "I sympathize deeply in this bereavement, and feel that one of my best friends is gone. I feel that science has suffered a severe loss. In the passage of a few short years, he had made great acquisitions, and with a celerity truly surprising, he had taken a high position among our naturalists. Especially do I regret that his valuable life had not been spared to permit him to accomp'ish his much cherished plan of preparing complete catalogues of the animals of our state; but perhaps we ought rather to be thankful that he was spared to do so much, and to leave so little unfinished. He has done enough to secure his name from forgetfulness on earth; but to him of how much greater moment is it now, that his name is 'written in heaven.'

New Haven, Conn., January 25th, 1844."

"Providence, January 23d, 1844.

. . . . . "The event of his death awakened in my mind emotions of a peculiarly solemn character. I felt like a mourner. It seemed that from the walls of Zion a watchman had been taken whom we could not well spare. The labors of one who had done much for the cause of Christ, especially for the Baptists of Connecticut, for the benevolent movements of the age, for the cause of education, and science, were closed on earth forever; though their influ-

ence will doubtless yet bless a thousand hearts, and go down to the end of time. No more, thought I, shall I see his interesting and instructive communications in the Secretary. No more shall I hear his voice in the deliberations of the Baptist State Convention. But he has gone home to his rest. He has entered upon higher and nobler employments. I could but think while attending a meeting in Hartford, the evening of the day of his funeral, and hearing a hymn sung from the 'Select Hymns,' that both of the compliers of that sweet collection were then singing the songs of the redeemed above."

. . . . . .

"SHELBY, near JEFFERSONTON,
March 8th, 1844.

"Respected Madam,

. . . . . "What balm can be offered to the heart afflicted as deeply as yours! None that can remove the affliction; but to mitigate it, the offer of condolence from sincere and truly interested friends, may be somewhat availing. This duty, madam, I owe you and your family. Your late noble, generous and talented husband, had a right to claim my sincerest love and regard, and he had it. I have ever felt honored by his kind regard for me, and the shock which has so grievously fallen upon you, and your family, has placed me and mine in deep affliction. Permit me therefore to offer you this, as a tribute of the heart felt sympathy of myself and family, all and each. It is a sympathetic friendship's offering to the afflicted survivors of the noble and lamented dead—one of our Almighty's noblest works.

To Him must we look for the true remedy for all afflictions, and from Him will you receive it. . .

"I have the honor, dear madam,
to be your friend and most
respectful servant,
"——— ——— ———."

It was not merely as a preacher of the everlasting gospel, that Mr. Linsley strove to bless others, but after being debarred this precious privilege; instead of sinking down in listless inaction, and yielding to the pressure of his maladies; he felt there was still something which he could accomplish for the benefit of others, and furnish at the same time, profitable amusement and gratification to his own active mind. In this point of view he is an instructive example. We have seen how much he was able to achieve in the cause of science after being cut off from his chosen field of labor. The hours of illness and confinement, were therefore not useless and idle ones. True, he could no longer go forth to a guilty world proclaiming glad tidings of joy; but from his abode where disease had shut him in, could yet by his exertions send out a useful influence. With an eager thirst of knowledge, in the attainment of which he had exerted such powerful efforts, and sacrificed health, and almost life itself; he was solicitous that others also should share the benefits of mental culture, and was desirous to aid them in the laudable pursuit. Thus while no longer able to proclaim God's moral attributes as seen in the system of Gospel grace; the transition was easy and lovely to the attributes of wisdom and power, as displayed in the magnificence of His creation. He who had expatiated

with adoring wonder, on the love manifested in the gift of *One*, who is the salvation of a ruined world; could now contemplate with admiring gratitude, the perfect and wonderful works of Him, who is likewise the Creator and Preserver.

And who shall say he has not now united both these blissful employments? While he casts his crown at the feet of the Lamb, saying with the innumerable company; Thou art worthy, for Thou hast redeemed us unto God by thy blood; will he not also contemplate the transcendent glories of an illimitable creation of fathomless beauty, perfection, and power; with a continually increasing intellectual expansion? Is it only in this dark prison house of the flesh, that we are to cry in rapturous awe, How manifold are thy works, in wisdom hast thou made them all! the heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth His handy-work?—Or, when we have ascended up far above the glittering lamps hung out in this vault of splendor, and with expanded intellect, enlightened apprehensions, and glorified minds—soar into the light which no man can approach unto, drawing near to the Eternal Sun? If the departed found such delight in tracing the skill and goodness manifested even in the construction of that little warbler, which falleth not to the ground without its Creator's notice; what must his emotions be when admitted into the temple of Him who stretcheth out the Heavens like a curtain, telleth the number of the stars and calleth them all by their names?

Thus have we followed this beloved servant of Jesus, through his useful life. We have witnessed him on the summit of Pisgah, and anon cast

down, though not destroyed. His spiritual exercises were very peculiar and uncommon, and the tremendous scene he passed through at the commencement of his religious course, will unquestionably be very differently viewed by different persons. All that we would say with regard to these extraordinary facts is, that Mr. Linsley always persisted through life in the view he expressed at the close of his narration of these events, which we transcribed in its place. It is proper to add that he was entirely, devoid of superstition, and was almost indignant at the expression of any belief in the supernatural by others.

We have seen that after his conversion he enjoyed seasons of great blessedness, and suffered depths of extreme anguish. But for the last few years of his life, his experiences were more similar to those of other christians. He had no peculiar raptures or distresses; but seemed to have his hopes sometimes mingled with doubts and fears, not fierce or bitter.

Members of his family had remarked several times that his supplications at daily household worship during the Summer and Autumn preceding his last illness, were peculiarly spiritual and fervent, indicating a mind affectionately bent on things unseen and eternal, although his scientific pursuits were so much engrossing his time and attention. After his decease, the pastor of the church with which he was connected, observed that Mr. L. had said to him, he thought he had never found such preciousness in the Scriptures, and such sweetness in his private devotions, as during that last summer.

The welfare of the two churches* he had been instrumental in rearing, ever lay near his anxious heart. Of the church in Bridgeport, with which he held his connexion at the time of his death; he would sometimes remark, while his eyes filled with tears, that he did not know but he had made it his idol.

It was not the object in undertaking this work, to eulogize the dead. Many and varied as were his excellencies, we know that as a poor unworthy unprofitable sinner, ransomed solely by infinite grace, could he enter those mansions where we believe he is at this moment, praising and adoring (with emotions akin to those he felt even here,) that free grace, which was his hope and refuge on earth. But thinking that his life offered much to stimulate and encourage, and it being the advice of his judicious christian friends, to give it to the public; it has thus been done. This work has been written with the prayerful hope and earnest desire, that the gracious Redeemer would bless this humble effort to his own glory, and the good of souls; that thus though transferred to a more exalted field of labor, the departed might yet speak, in that glorious cause to which he gave his life.

If any despairing sinner shall hereby receive gospel comfort; if any trembling saint shall be incited to wax stronger, or any lukewarm aroused, or careless alarmed to good purpose; compiling these pages will not have been labor in vain. And now, dear reader, while we pause to contemplate the amazing change which has disenthralled the

*Milford and Bridgeport.

ransomed Spirit, of whose earthly labors we have been reading; while we think of the constantly increasing cloud of witnesses he has gone to join; O, by all the blessed encouragement and transporting hope afforded us, by all the unspeakable peril of our immortal souls; let us resolutely, perseveringly, lay aside every weight, in our yearning endeavors to be "followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises." AMEN.